McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—$2.00 Per Year

VOL LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1919 NO 28

J. CLAYTON BACKUS FIRST SMETHPORT MAN TO FLY OVER TOWN

Made Flight From Bradford With Lieutenant Harry Emery Monday Afternoon.

J. Clayton Backus is the first Smethport man to fly over this town in an aeroplane. Monday afternoon he went to Bradford and Lieut. Harry Emery took him for a ride in the clouds that lasted 51 minutes—at a dollar a minute, while perhaps no more dangerous is even more expensive than riding on the Kushequa. Mr. Backus had notified a number of friends of his intention to fly over Smethport, and when word came over the telephone that he had started people commenced to watch the horizon for the plane and before it had been in sight two minutes nearly everybody in town and vicinity were looking skyward. The plane circled over the town and was put through a few stunts by Lieut. Emery and then flew back to Bradford.

Mr. Backus was delighted with his experience and said that the sensation of flying through the air is indescribably pleasant. At times they reached an altitude of 2200 feet and while flying over Smethport came down to within 800 feet of the earth. They encountered a few adverse air currents and Mr. Backus said it was much like striking a bump while motoring only when you jounced up you did not come down as when riding on the earth. When he and the Lieutenant wished to converse the power was turned off and they coasted. Mr. Backus said the pilot allowed him to steer the plane over part of the trip. They followed the course of the wagon road over Rew Hill and were in sight of Eldred for a time.

Lieutenants Harry Emery and Parker Cramer are doing a thriving business taking passengers for joy rides in the sky. Several ladies have made flights and according to Bradford papers flying is becoming a fad in that city.

CAPT. OSTRANDER HERE

Capt. W. A. Ostrander of the U. S. Medical Corps, stationed at Camp Dix is spending a fifteen-day furlough with his family here. Capt. Ostrander rather expects his discharge from service soon, having made repeated applications as he feels now that the war is over he would like to return home and take up his medical practice as well as look after other business interests. Mr. Ostrander is rather better off for titles than the ordinary citizen as he is now entitled to the use of "Dr.", "Capt.", or "Hon.", but he is always the same genial man under any of them.

SAFE AND SANE FOURTH

Fourth of July passed off with serenity in this place. Quite a few people visited Bradford and Kane, but there was absolutely nothing doing here. Children again were deprived of the opportunity to secure firecrackers and fireworks even of the most harmless variety, but it is a great triumph for the state fire marshal who will doubtless deluge the press of the state with a few million columns of "news matter" to be published free for his greater glorification.

DEATH OF W. W. BELL

William W. Bell, former president of the First National Bank of Bradford, and one of the best known residents of McKean County, dropped dead on the lawn of his home on Kennedy street, that city, at an early hour Saturday morning. Mr. Bell arose feeling in his usual health and before breakfast went to the lawn for the purpose of cutting the grass. While so engaged death overtook him. He is survived by a wife, three sons, and two daughters.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

Frank Purtle and Russell Lindsley, musicians with the John Robinson's circus are now traveling through interesting country in the Dominion of Canada. They recently made a tour of "Evangeline land" in Nova Scotia and this week are exhibiting in towns on Prince Edward Island. The circus will soon re-enter the United States via Maine and will tour the New England states during the next few weeks.

BEN YOUNG VISITS HOME

Back from overseas where he served his country with a California regiment, Ben Young is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jane D. Young, and other relatives in town.

This is Ben's first visit to Smethport, his old home town, in nine years. He expects to return to California soon.

WORK IS PROGRESSING

It will not be many days before the pavement from East Main street to the borough line is completed as the contractors are about ready to start final operations.

Work on the Smethport to Rew highway will soon be booming. All who wish work on this contract should see Mr. Rawlins at the Grand Central hotel. Local men and teams will be given the preferance and it is hoped not much labor will have to be imported. This will be an extensive job as the contract covers a ten mile stretch of highway.

INJURED LAST FRIDAY

Hazen Carpenter and Theodore Johnson of Larabee enroute home from Ceres, the Fourth met with an accident. The motorcycle they were riding tipped partly over throwing Theodore to the ground. One of his fingers was caught in the wheel and torn badly. Dr. Huff of Eldred dressed the wound which is doing well at present. Hazen escaped injury.

SOLDIER VISITS HIS HOME

Carl Olson, who recently received his honorable discharge from the U. S. aviation service after serving over a year visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Olson last week. He left Saturday for Pittsburgh where he will visit his sister, Miss Anna Olson, who served throughout the war as a Red Cross nurse and now holds a responible position in a Pittsburgh hospital.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

At the Baptist church next Sunday morning the subject will be "God's Building." Evening subject, "Bolshevism." The Sunday school will hold its picnic at Galco Park tomorrow, July 11. Preliminary to the sermon next Sunday night the missionary society will render a short program. Evening services during July and August will last 45 minuites.

A THRILLING FLIGHT

Noal E. Green of Buffalo, N. Y., son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green of this place, had the pleasure and experience of flying in an airship recently. The aviator flew the machine up to an altitude of 3000 feet, they looped the loop and performed several other stunts. Noal said is was certainly a thrill of a life time.

CONDITION IS SERIOUS

A. L. Dawley of Larabee was taken to the Bradford Hospital Sunday morning where he underwent an operation for appedicitis. His ondition is very serious. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dawley who will remain with him for a few days.

BOROUGH COUNCIL MEETING

As a result of an appeal to the Smethport borough council made by a committee consisting of several citizens, to take action toward eliminating the dust nuisance which prevails on several streets in the borough, and more pronounced on West Main and Bank streets, the council, at its regular July meeting held last Monday evening, adopted a resolution to buy thirty barrels of road oil at the lowest price obtainable and have these two streets thoroughly oiled. Owners of property adjacent to these streets or sections of streets will be asked to contribute toward the cost.

Following is the minutes of the council meeting:

Mr. Halpenny, Mr. Mayo and several other citizens were present and asked borough to abate dust nuisance on Main Street and Bank St.

Moved by Hackett and seconded by Lindholm that Mr. Garlick get the best price possible and order thirty barrels of road oil, and have same put on Bank street and West End of Main street, and that Mr. Morrison be appointed a committee of one to see property owners on West End of Main street and Mr. E. R. Gallup a committee of one to see property owners on Bank street to see what they will pay towards road oil.

Carried.

The following bills were read:

Thos. H. Morrison, Solicitor, $12.50.

Leo Herzog, Rental of dam to Aug. 10, 1919, $10.00

Smethport Garage, hauling fire engine, $6.50.

W. F. Specht, Insurance premium, $1240.

Smethport Water Co., water, $47.50.

H. E. Bunce, concrete pipe, $163.20.

C. B. Dickinson, Police duty, $74.00

L. D. Gifford, labor, $65.25.

John J. Hallstrom, St. Com., June, $75.00.

Moved by Hackett and seconded by Lindholm that bill of Smethport Water Co. be laid on table and secretary take up bills for allowance for water from mill dam, with Water Co. and balance of bills as read be paid.

Carried.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Nels Anderson and Andrew Jacobson motored to Port Allegany, Monday evening to visit the former's daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hopper.

—Dr. Fred W. Winger, former mayor of Bradford, and a most widely known citizen of the county, died at his home in that city Monday evening. He was 64 years of age and is survived by a wife and two sons.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison of Smethport, and E. P. Southwick of Clairton, Pa., spent Wednesday in Bradford. The trip was made in the Southwick car which Mr. Southwick drove from his home to Smethport.

—Subscribers to the MINER are reminded that the subscriptions terms are now $2.00 per year in advance. Remindere were recently sent by mail to a number slightly in arrears and while nearly all have responded there are some who have evidently overlooked this matter.

—Mr. Stanley Townsend, who was taken ill Friday evening and since that time has suffered quite a bit, was thought to be resting easier today. He had about fully recovered from the serious illness with which he had suffered some time ago, and this time the illness came rather sudden. Many friends hope for his speedy recovery.—Lancaster Eagle of June 30th.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A hearty welcome awaits you at this home-like Church. The auditorium is cool and the seating comfortable. To give one hour out of twenty-four to the consideration of truths which make for your highest good, is not too exacting, surely. The subject of the sermon Sunday morning will be: "The Triumph of Christ." No evening service. Look out for the Sunday School picnic on July the 17th.

YOU CAN OWN A BANK

County Chairman of W. S. S., H. J. Rice informs the MINER that all children who agree to save their money to buy Thrift Stamps can obtain banks by writing to him that are made for that purpose.

—Members of Phoenix Chapter O. E. S. enjoyed a picnic at Galco Park July Fourth, which is reported to have been a delightful event.

SOON HAVE BUS LINE.

Chas. H. Latham called at the MINER office while in town Saturday last and said that he was making preliminary arrangements for his Smethport-Bradford motor bus line. It is Mr. Latham's intention to start the passenger service just as soon as the necessary permission is granted by the Public Service Commission. He will place a bus with a carrying capacity of twenty-two passengers in service at once, making two trips daily. Later he will add another bus to the route, one staying in Smethport and one in Bradford. While his starting schedule is not completed he expects to start the first trip from Bradford at 8 o'clock in the morning returning after a short stop here. Another round trip will be made in the afternoon. Within a short time he will start a freight trucking service between the two towns and along the line. He has arrangements made to add more cars for special occasions, such as court weeks, colobrations and other public events when the travel between the two towns is more than normal.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

July 1—Jewell Jones McGowan of Bradford, Pa., and Julia Eva Hullihen of Rew, Pa.

July 2—Arther Roy Dunkle and Mary Betryas Fay Church both of Clermont, Pa.

July 4—John N. Oaks and Anna M. McGiffin both of Brookville, Pa.

July 5—Secondo Ciarlantini and Angelina Guisti both of Mt. Jewett, Pa.

Roy Vinton Shepard and Helen Lyle Bateman both of Bradford, Pa

July 7—Antonio Lengge of Wellsville N. Y., and Michelina Cardamore of Bradford, Pa.

F. H. Rogers and Nettie Baker both o, Duke Center, Pa.

John Henry Voorhis of Bradord, Pa. and Ida Grace Cooper of Coudersport, Pa.

July 8,—Milford Delano Irons of Burrows, Pa., and Gladys Josephine Nunn of Port Allegany, Pa.

HARD MAN TO DOWN

W. H. Halpenny, conductor on the Kushequa railroad, who is also a candidate for the Republican nomination of county commissioner, is a hard man to down. He has been in numerous railroad mishaps but so far has been fortunate enough to escape each time with his life. He is around again having recovered from turpentine burns sustained in the accident last week when a carload of merchandise in which he was riding jumped the track and rolled down an embankment. The brakeman, Mr. Ingram, was also bruised in this accident. Much merchandise was damaged, one of the items being a large shipment of book paper for the McKean Democrat which was practically ruined. A quantity of sugar was spoiled by becoming mixed with turpentine.

LIBERAL DONATION

M. H. Kelly made known his appreciation in a substantial manner last Thursday when he presented the Fire Department with $50 for its good work in saving his stable property on West Water street from destruction on May 25 when the Straying House separated only by a narrow alley from the stable was burned to the ground. The firemen considered the act of saving the Kelly property simply as a duty well performed but Mr. Kelly's donation was gratefully received just the same and the department wishes to thank Mr. Kelly for this welcome mark of appreciation.

MARRIED AT RIDGWAY

The marriage of Miss Maude Ostrander of Smethport, and John Cournean, of this city, occurred at Ridgway on the morning of July 4th, at the Baptist parsonage. They were attended by Miss Elizabeth Cournean sister of the groom, and Edward Carnahan. Mr. Cournean served with Company E. all through the war and re-enlisted in the army after he had arrived from overseas. He is now home on a five day furlough. Both young people are well and favorably known and have a host of friends who will extend congratulations.—Kane Republican.

MARRIED HERE THURSDAY

Calahan Voorhies of Smethport and Miss Margaret Davies of Johnsonburg were married Thursday last at St. Elizabeth's parsonage by the Rev. P. J. Donahue. This happy pair of young people have the best wishes of all for health, wealth and prosperity.

BASEBALL LAST SUNDAY

Last Sunday afternoon a fair sized crowd gathered at the fair grounds to witness a baseball game between the new Smethport team and the "old timers". The regulars won the game by a score of 18 to 4, but the game was more interesting than the score would indicate. Ted Smith started the twirling for the veterans and when he became tired gave way to Paul Denning, who certainly cannot qualify for a has-been for a number of seasons to come. He has plenty of good pitching left in his system and we understand has been signed by the regulars. Tommie Clark and Louie Hull were the battery for the regulars and their work was all to the good. Walter Daniels, who caught for the old timers is another player who has not forgotten how to handle the pill. Another veteran who deserves mention is John Walker who certainly took some healthy wallops at the ball.

The Smethport Allied Band was in attendance and enlivened the occasion with music. Next Sunday the Betula team will play Smethport at the fair grounds and it is expected the band will again be a feature of the program. The admission is only 25 cents and a large crowd should be on hand. Game starts at 3:30.

The line up of last Sunday follows: Regulars: Kohn, Dunn, McGowan, L. Hull, McCarthy, McDermott, Josephson, R. Hull, Clark.

Old Timers: Daniels, C. Denning, P. Denning, Walker, F. Denning, Smidth, McCarthy, Nellis, Clark, Saulpaugh.

SURVIVED U-BOAT ATTACK.

Irvin Holmes, recently discharged from the United States Navy, is home again after some of the most strenuous experiences that could befall a young man and leave him alive to tell the tale. Sailor Holmes was with the coast patrol service off the coast of Great Britain and in April, 1918, was one of the crew of boat sunk by German submarine. Together with a number of companions he reached the coast of Ireland, was granted a furlough and came home with a friend. Their story was published in the MINER while the boys were visiting Smethport. This young man claims to have participated in the sinking of the last German U-Boat during hostilities. The event occurred on Nov. 9, 1918, and the submarine which his crew accounted for had just torpedoed a British transport ship which was destroyed with great loss of life. The American patrol boat managed to get within striking distance of the submarine without being observed and nearly blew the sea-snake out of the water with depth bombs. Mr. Holmes is a brother of Mrs. J. W. Hassom and will leave with her today for Saginaw, Michigan, on a business connected with the settlement of an estate.

MAJOR HAMILTON IN AMERICA

Major Robert Hamilton of Smethport of the United States Medical Corps has arrived in America from overseas and is now stationed at Camp Dix. Mrs. Hamilton received a telegram Monday informing her of that fact and it is her opinion that he will soon receive his honorable discharge from the service and return home. Dr. Hamilton entered the medical service soon after the United States entered the war and his duties took him to various camps in this country and finally overseas where his valuable services earned him promotion first to the rank of captain and later to that of major. His letters home have told of experiences intering and thrilling and of much hard work and his many friends are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to hear his story from his own lips.

LOSES PART OF FOOT

Ward Means, who has been a patient in the Kane hospital since April 26, when he seriously injured his right foot while coupling cars on the Kushequa railroad, according to recent reports has lost part of the foot as well as his toes as a result of the accident. It was understood at the time of the accident that only the toes were injured but recent reports say that amputation of part of the foot was found necessary. Mr. Means has many friends here who are hoping he will soon recover as far as possible from the unfortunate mishap.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper and son, Lawrence visited Mr. Hopper's parents in Hornell during the week end, Lawrence remaining for a longer visit.

TO RAISE RABBITS

Don O'Neil and Clayton Zeak have rented the Bess property on South Main and are going to beat the beef trust at their own game—that of raising meat, only their stock will be rabbits. This business appears to have a great impetus all over the country and no doubt the two will make good in their venture, at least they are making a good start. Last week they bought the complete outfit of a Smethport party consisting of several strains of pure blooded stock and these command fancy prices on the market and the demand far exceeds the supply. Some time ago this paper called attention to the rabbit raising as a help toward solving the meat question, and it seems to have had results. Today pork and beef are still soaring, and prospects are good for even higher prices. Chickens are offering some relief but about like throwing a bucket full of water into the Atlantic.

Rabbits increase rapidly and grow fast, require scarcely any food expense during the summer, and are interesting little animals to raise. Trouble is that so much attention is given to the breeding for quality, and so many young rabbits are lost by not being properly cared for because they are left to boys to look after that there seems to be no preceptible impression on the meat situation as the demand is much greater than the supply, and the price of the bunnies is yet too high to allow their use for eating.

As long as such conditions exist there cannot be an overproduction and rabbits can be raised at a big profit at a fraction of the present prices. Messrs. O'Niel and Zeak have however purchased pedigreed stock that will not probably find its way onto the table, for breeders are paying fancy prices for such stock, hence until they are supplied the common rabbit must supply the meat. For benefit of the reader the breeds are classified in order some what as follows:

Gray Belgians, growing to a weight of about 4 to 6 pounds, sell at $1.50 to $2.50.

Rufus Red Belgians, weight to 8 or 9 pounds, sell at about $5.

New Zealand Reds Weight 9 to 10 pounds sell at $5 to $7.

Flemish Giants in black, white, grays etc. grow to weight 10 to 16 pounds, sell at $10 and up.

The above prices give an idea of what matured rabbits six to ten months old sell at. Youngsters at five weeks weaning time, sell at about one-third the above prices, increasing about a pound a month so one can readily perceive that there should be considerable money to be made in a well conducted rabbitry. As high as $100 have sometimes been paid for special well bred rabbits.

O'Neil and Zeak have rented a place large enough to develop a big business if given proper attention. An idea of the growth of the business may be had when it is a fact that one pair of rabbits and their progeny bred consistantly will in two years produce a stock of over 700, but of course, this plan isn't followed in fact, the demand is so big that it is difficult for a fancier to keep his original stock much of the time.

Mr. Zeak says there have been buyers after his outfit already. The nutrive value of rabbit meat is 30 per ent more than of chicken, and about 50 per cent more than beef or pork When people understand these conditions it might tend to have more people give their attention to it for meat prices are destined to be high for years to come.—Eldred Eagle.

P. H. C. INSTALLED OFFICERS

The following officers of the Protected Home Circle, elected June 24, were installed at a regular meeting of that lodge Tuesday night:

Past President, Henretta Gonia.
President, Pearl Whelan.
Vice President, Margaret Garrott.
Guardian, Jennie Eberspacher.
Chaplain, Hattie Abbey.
Secretary Anna O. Stark.
Accountant, Lellie T. Colegrove.
Treasurer, Mary Purtle
Guide, Mildred Peelor.
Companion, Ethel Cunningham.
Sentinal, Mary Colegrove.
Watchman, William Craft.

One and a half Ton Studebaker Maxfor Truck; high tension Magneto; stake body. All tires practically new; run less than 500 mile. Rare bargain for $550.00.

Backus Novelty Co. adv26tf

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE

In Siberian Prison Camps Each Unfortunate Exile Followed His Vocation.

Far more popular than the church were the library and the school. A regular organized high school-college, where law, mathematics, chemistry, ten languages and many other subjects were taught. Again, this part of our work rose out of a very humble beginning. The first school was held, almost secretly, in an old washroom, and ambitious Russian guards confiscated logarithm tables and French dictionaries because they looked so suspicious. And the teacher of geometry, who made those peculiar drawings, was arrested and taken for a spy, who taught how to escape with a plan of the camp. The library was born when the first Y. M. C. A. secretary arrived and gave six or eight books which he found in his trunk to members of the head committee to read, Johan W. Prinz writes in Asia magazine. The sport committee was in charge of the socker field and tennis courts and in some camps there was even a gymnasium. A small bank was established for the convenience of those who wanted to borrow a few rubles on their official announcements from banks in Petrograd that money had been received from relatives in the central countries (by way of Sweden) and was on the way. Work shops were organized so that the tradesmen, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the barber, might turn to his trade and work for the benefit of his comrades. But the pride of the Y. M. C. A. was the American kitchen. This welfare kitchen was necessary because the Russians never gave the men enough to eat. Here they had a chance, once in a while, to get a hearty meal for a few kopeks; here a certain number of sick and poor could eat every day without cost. How many favorable comments have I heard upon those kitchens, which really became a blessing for the prisoners!

MAN OF IMAGINATIVE MIND

Among Many Useful Inventions of Seth Boyden Was That of Popular Patent Leather.

The first "patent" leather was the invention of Seth Boyden, who was born in Foxboro, Mass., one hundred and thirty years ago. He was brought up on a farm and educated in a district school and in the village blacksmith shop, where he spent all his leisure time "tinkering" and experimenting. His first invention was a machine for making nails and files. Later he invented a machine for splitting leather, and in 1815 he engaged in the leather business in Newark, N. J. In 1816 he invented an appliance for cutting hands and in the following year he perfected his "patent" leather. The leather [illegible] by this process gradually became popular, and until 1824 Boyden was [illegible] engaged in its manufacture. He then turned his attention to steam engines and made several improvements in locomotives. He took part in the California gold rush of '49, but soon returned to New Jersey, where he engaged in farming and produced a variety of strawberries easily superior to any then known in both size and quality. He died in 1870, and his memory is perpetuated by a statue in Newark.

Birds That Are Useful.

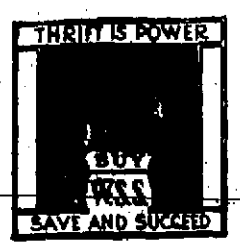
It is in their relation to insects and other enemies of crops that birds are most directly associated with the welfare of man. It is not possible to give a hard-and-fast rule, applicable to the whole country, as to whether any certain bird is beneficial or injurious to farmers, but in the United States department of agriculture's farmers' bulletin 630, "Some Common Birds Useful to the Farmer," more than fifty species of birds common to farming sections are discussed. The birds treated in the bulletin are: Bluebird, robin, titmouse, wren, brown thrasher, catbird, swallow, towhee, sparrow, house finch, grackle, brewer blackbird, Baltimore oriole, Bullock's oriole, meadowlark, redwing, blackbird, bobolink, crow, bluejay, Pacific coast jay, phoebe, kingbird, nighthawk, woodpecker, cuckoo and bobwhite.

Radial Tether for Animals.

To tether his cow so as to admit of its having a large feeding range, and yet so as to be perfectly secure and require no attention, a Pennsylvania man adopts the following method: He took a pole, 20 or 30 ft. in length, pivoted at one end and fitted with an iron ring large enough to slip along from end to end. The small end of the pole was supported by a light metal wheel from some old farm implement, or a wooden one cut from a piece of plank. The ankle was fastened with a halter chain, too short to get tangled up with the animal's legs.

The Blacker They Turn.

A letter received in this city from Roy Schultz, a Danville colored man, now in military service in France, tells of a good joke the colored boys had at the expense of the Huns. A colored division had relieved a white division during the night, when the Germans were sending over a regular shower of gas shells. The heavy fighting continued the next day, and a German prisoner taken by the colored boys was heard to remark: "We can't whip these Yanks, and there is no use trying. The more gas we send over on them the blacker they turn, and the harder they fight."—Indianapolis News.



$4.18 FOR JULY

There are two kinds of stamps—the Thrift Stamp and the War Saving Stamp.

The Thrift Stamp costs 25 cents and does not earn interest. During the month of July sixteen Thrift Stamps and 18 cents can be exchanged for a War Saving Stamp.

The War Saving Stamps earn better than 4 per cent. Compound interest. They are issued in three denominations:—

$5.00 War Saving Stamps costing $4.18 during July.

$100.00 War Saving Stamps costing $83.60 during July.

$1,000.00 War Saving Stamps costing $836.00 during the month of July.

The War Saving Stamps mature January first, 1924. They can be redeemed at any money-order postoffice upon a ten day written notice before maturity.

LARABEE

Personal Notes Concerning People You Know.

Mrs. W. O. Carpenter of Eldred was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Forrest Pendleton, Sunday.

Eros Carpenter was a business visitor in Smethport Saturday.

A. L. Dawley has returned from Millport.

Mrs. Mary K. Cotton and daughter Miss Matie Cotton, of Eldred called in town, Wednesday.

C. J. Carey was a Port Allegany visitor, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice, daughter, Miss Alberta Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rice, Mrs. Mildred Stickles of Coryville and Joseph Haynes attended the Wetherby Reunion at Riverhurst Saturday.

Earnest Hibbard, accompanied by his mother, of Bedford, Pa. are visiting relatives here and at Coryville.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Pendleton, June 26, a girl. Congratulations extended.

Mr. and Mrs. William Galusha of Eldred spent Sunday with relatives in town.

J. T. Johnson was an Olean visitor Monday.

Mrs. F. A. Moore was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Eros Carpenter, Monday.

Earl Carpenter is working at Ceres, N. Y.

Eros Carpenter was a business visitor in Ceres, N. Y., Friday.

John Ellis, Jr. of Wirtzfall was a Sunday guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that Letters of Administration C. T. A. have been granted to the undersigned, on the Estate of Ellen B. McDowell, late of the county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, to present them for the purpose of payment to Frank B. Fay, Administrator C. T. A., Smethport, Penna.

Smethport, Pa., June 16, 1919.

FRANK B. FAY.

Gallup & Potter, Attorneys.

adv25w6

NEW HIGH WAIST SEAM SUITS

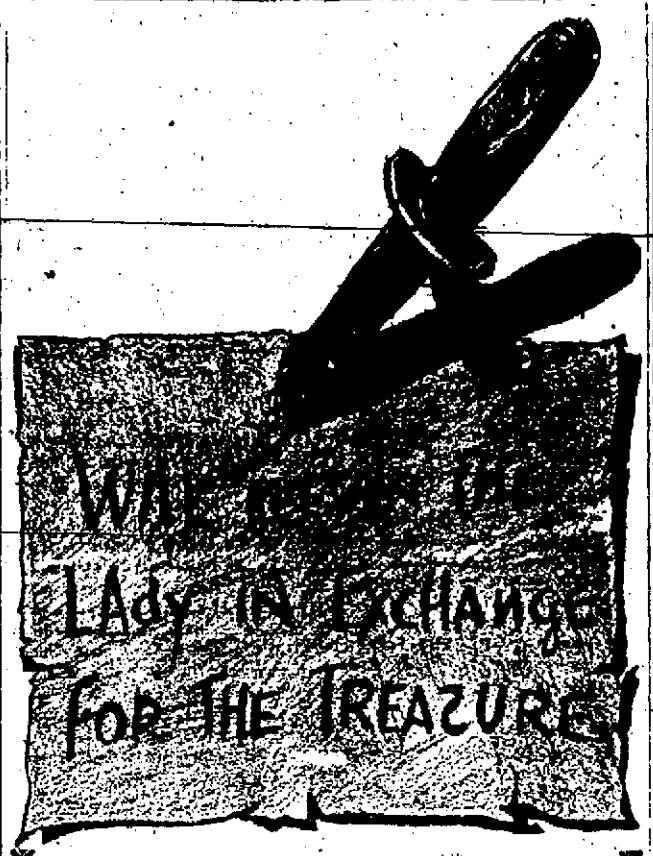
For Young Men

this week

Special at

$20.00

H. W. Rubin & Son



GRUDELY printed in pencil on a piece of dirty brown paper, and stuck there with a sailor's rusty knife, was this message. And well they knew what it meant. The girl they had sought for days and believed to be lost—now they knew her to be worse than lost.

Calypso, with her pure, olive skin and black, silken hair—Calypso, the beautiful Spanish girl who had masked as a boy and begged to be allowed to go with the rest on their perilous journey—

Should he give up the treasure that he and his party—some of whom had paid the supreme price—had fought and repeatedly risked their lives for; should he give up this wealth of gold and jewels for the girl he adored, or trust to mercy of his enemies for her safety?

This is the situation created by Richard Le Gallienne—in his inimitable way of writing—in

Pieces of Eight

Do you enjoy a story that at times is perplexing, sometimes uncanny and at all times exciting—just *full* of adventure? Then read

Our New Serial

"New Wine in Old Bottles"

That is the way one reviewer sums up that delightful story of a quest for millions in gold doubloons left in the West Indies by buccaneers, recorded in the new serial about to appear in this paper.

Pieces of Eight

By Richard Le Gallienne

The lure of buried treasure is perennial. Add mysterious caves, pirates, ruins, a sea-swept island, moonlight on the water and the attending dangers, and it sounds like "Treasure Island." If you have ever heard that impelling call of adventure you can't resist this story.

Keep your eyes open for the first installment!

Pirates!
Daggers!
Savages!
Moonlit Caverns!
Buried Treasure!
Dead Men's Bones!

Picture them in your mind's eye and you may get a faint idea of the plot of that roaring story of the Spanish Main

Pieces of Eight

Come, get aboard the Maggie Darling and sail with us across the scarce-awakened sea to the West Indies where is buried the gold of Spanish buccaneers. You will enjoy every moment of it.

Watch for and read the first installment of our new serial

What Have You Done About Tires?

Hundreds of motorists—in this city—many of them business men you know—have increased the pleasures of motoring by eliminating tire worry.
And you can do it too!

A new principal of tire construction invented by Charles C. Gates, E. M., makes it possible—and 500,000 car owners, all over the United States, have proven this Gates principal.

These motorists, including the biggest business houses in the country, have proved that Gates Half-Sole Tires enable them to get 5,000 to 15,000 more miles than ever before.

And Gates Half-Sole Tires are 20 per cent over-size—stronger and better than the tires now on your car—guaranteed puncture-proof—yet cost only 1-2 as much as other tires.

You, too, are entitled to this tire economy—let us show you.

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES.

AUTHORIZED SERVICE STATION

115 EAST MAIN ST. Smethport, Pa.

WISE FOLKS CULTIVATE

The uplifting things in life - Books, Music and Good Friends. While WISER ONES CULTIVATE. Their Gardens, and thus obtain Food and Health - enableing themselves to carry on their mental cultivation.

Summertime without a garden is deplorable but a garden without a CULTIVATOR is useless.

COME IN AN LOOK OVER UR LINE.

C. W. MASSER

About

Haying Machinery Prices

We heard a farmer remark the other day that he'd rather endure the handicap of harvesting with insufficient equipment, and wait for lower prices, than pay the present prices for Haying Machinery.

But when his hay is stacked, after his help has spent triple the amount of time when other farm duties are pressing, let him figure up the excessive labor costs due to lack of equipment. They'll amount to a higher figure than the increased cost of machinery.

Manufacturers whom we represent predict no lower prices this year. And we represent these recognized by farmers as leaders—McCormick, Deering, Osborne, Milwaukee and Wood.

Mowers, 5- and 6-foot, especially adapted for hilly land; Rakes, 9- and 10- foot; Tedders, 6- and 8-fork. Call for complete information and demonstration.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN Inc.

LUMBER BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
FARM IMPLEMENTS

Smethport, Pennsylvania.

For the LATEST SHEET MUSIC;

For the Available Latest VICTOR RECORDS;
For the Available VICTROLAS;
Call on:- Burdick's Music Store —— Smethport, Pa.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THAT WIND STORM INSURANCE:
Rates very reasonable.
WE WRITE EVERY KIND OF INSURANCE

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

Next Time—Buy

FISK

CORD TIRES

Big, clean-cut in appearance, they give an excess mileage even for Cord Tires.

TOUGH, WEAR-RESISTING TREADS

SMETHPORT GARAGE CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

CHAUTAUQUA AFTER THE WAR

Famous Lake Resort Plans Reconstruction and Jubilee.

New Educational Developments — Strong Platform Features—Debt to Be Paid Off.

AS AN illustration of the manner in which Americans have turned en-masse this summer to the pursuits and pleasures of peace, and to before the-war vacation programs, the annual Chautauqua season opened on July 3 at Chautauqua, N. Y., with the largest season reservations at hotels and cottages in the 46 years' history of the Assembly Grounds.

Chautauqua emerges from the war cloud of four summers announcing for this year the first Y. W. C. A. Hostess House built anywhere for use in civil life; the first "Woman's Land Army" normal training classes, for teachers and supervisors of "farmerettes"; a week devoted to Americanization; a week of the New York Symphony Orchestra; a week of priceless original art masterpieces, and one of the eight program weeks, the second week in August, devoted to a kind of national and institutional jubilee in celebration of America's entrance on a new peace-time era.

By a singular turn of fortune and finance, Chautauqua Institution—the corporation on which rests the material future of the wonderful resort on the shores of Chautauqua Lake—comes out of the war with the practical assurance of success of a six hundred-thousand-dollar undertaking by the trustees to free the institution from all debt, whether incurred for war activities or otherwise.

During the war, Chautauqua conducted a "Speakers' Plattsburg" or training camp for public speakers; a national service school for young women and other patriotic activities at a financial loss. It lost patronage and revenue on the mere entertainment side of its program, but by its platform exerted a stronger influence on public thought than ever.

Post war influences bid fair to transform Chautauqua and its program, especially as regards its famous summer school—the oldest institution of its kind in America. The scope of the summer classes at Chautauqua is to be broadened immensely as a result of war experiences, and the whole school atmosphere seems to have been revitalized. Peace-time Americanism seems likely to be as rampant at Chautauqua during the next few seasons as was war-time Americanism at the very height of the war period.

McKean County Miner

Thursday, July 10, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mrs. Wesley Roeder and son, Mac of Glen Hazel are visiting Mrs. J. B. Roeder of Farmers Valley.

—Miss Edna Specht left on Wednesday for New York city to take post graduate work at the National Training School of the Y. W. C. A.

—Hon. A. W. Mitchell and sons, John and George of Erie, Pa., have been visiting relatives in this place for the past week.

—The Fry Company quotes some attractive prices in a new advertisement to-day. The summer clearance sale ends Saturday.

—Mrs. Rodney Roeder of Atwater Ohio, who has been spending the past week with Mrs. J. B. Roeder of Farmers Valley, left for Austin Tuesday where she will visit Elmer Roeder and family.

—Howard Brownell of New York City is visiting relatives in this place and Mt. Jewett.

—Mrs. Harry Zaner and daughter, Florence of Erie, Pa., have been visiting Mrs. Zaner's father, F. R. Foster, during the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Coleman of Salamanca, N. Y., who had been visiting relatives in this place left Saturday morning for Port Allegany where they were guests of relatives until Sunday evening when they returned to their home.

IT IS FREEZING TODAY 30 MILES FROM SMETHPORT IN THE "ICE MINE"

Nature's Wonder, Also Called "Devil's Ice Box" At Coudersport, Pennsylvania.

The "Ice Mine", the Wonderful Freak of Nature, at Coudersport, is now open to visitors and tourists in every direction are visiting this natural phenomenon. The number of visitors is increasing every day and unusually large crowds visit "The Mine" on Sundays.

The beautiful and fantastic ice formations are not removed from "The Mine" but are left to be viewed by the thousands who visit the place each summer. The ice formations appear during the warm weather but melt on the approach of winter.

This wonderful place is pictured and described in the Literary Digest of April 19, 1913; the Popular Science Monthly of March 1913, the Scientific American of May 6, 1916 and various other periodicals.

Many Smethport people have autoed to the "Ice Mine" and all express not only satisfaction and wonder at the place itself, but also their surprise to learn that such a unique attraction is so near to Smethport.

TAKE YOUR OVERCOAT WITH YOU WHEN YOU VISIT THIS PLACE.

PIERCE BROOK

New Boy in Wyoming—News Notes of the Week

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oliver and son, Kefin, spent Saturday night and Sunday with relatives in Shinglehouse.

Ed McCoy is helping Orlo Cory with his haying.

Misses Muriel and Vera Patterson have returned from Olean where Vera has been visiting and Muriel completed a term of school.

Word has been received here that Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sebring, who are now in Parkerton, Wyoming, have a new seven pound son.

Robert Cleveland has returned from Philadelphia.

Miss Eileen Brougham spent the fourth with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Cory visited Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Washburn of Coryville Sunday.

C. E. Patterson and family spent Friday with Coryville relatives.

Mrs. Theo Cleveland and brother Franklin, were Smethport visitors Thursday.

Miss Jeanette Brougham is on the sick list now.

—See the Hamlin Bank and Trust Co.'s advertisement to-day.

MILLINERY FOR ALL

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offering or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

advtf.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator, C. T. A. of the Estate of Ellen McDowell, late of the Township of Keating, deceased, will expose and make public sale to the highest bidder on Monday, July 28, 1919, at one o'clock P. M., at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, all the interest, claim or title of said Ellen McDowell or the estate of Ellen McDowell in and to the following described tract or parcel of land situate in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania:

Beginning at the northeast corner of lot No. 78 of the allotment of the lands of Bingham Estate, in Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, conveyed to William S. Brownell; thence along the east line of said lot south 2 degrees west 184.4 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 24 conveyed to William Ripley, south 89½ degrees east, 44.7 perches; thence along the west line of lot No. 349, the west line of lot No. 50, and the west lines of lots Nos. 18 and 19, north 2 degrees east 182 perches; thence along the road north 86½ degrees west 45 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 52.5 acres, be the same more or less, it being lot No. 201 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Keating Township aforesaid and part of Warrant No. 2056 and being same lands described in deed dated Dec. 31, 1901, recorded August 14, 1907 in D. B. 143 page 292, subject to the oil and gas rights and the exceptions and reservations as mentioned in said deed, further reference to which will more fully appear. Also subject to the conveyance to the Marvindale Chemical Company on August 13, 1907, of all the timber and wood of every size, kind and description, as mentioned in indenture recorded in D. B. 143 page 294.

Terms of sale one-fourth cash at the time of the sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. This sale is made in pursuance of order of the Orphans' court of McKean County, made the first day of July 1919, in proceedings of record in the office of said Clerk of Court.

Frank B. Fay,
Administrator C. T. A. of the Estate of Ellen McDowell, Deceased.

Gallup and Potter,
Attorneys. adv2Sw3.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Bush, late of the Township of Keating, deceased, will expose and make public sale to the highest bidder on Monday, July 28, 1919, at one o'clock P. M. at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, all of the right, title, claim or interest of the said Andrew Bush, or the Estate of Andrew Bush, in and to the two following described tracts or parcels of land in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania:

1. BEGINNING at a post in the southwest corner of lot No. 84 of allotment of Keating lands conveyed to William Acre; thence north 16 degrees west 106.5 perches to center of Port Allegany Road and line of land formerly of T. L. Chapin; thence along said road 18.3 perches to a post; thence south 16 degrees east 110 perches to a post in the old State Road; thence by said road 18.5 perches to the place of beginning, containing 12.5 acres, strict measure, more or less, and being part of lots Nos. 84 and 201, allotment of Keating lands in said Township and part of Warrants numbered 2064 and 2059; and being same land conveyed by William Acre et ux by deed dated January 6, 1866, and recorded in Deed Book "X", page 301.

2. Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 84 of the allotment of the Keating lands conveyed by Keating and Company to William Acre; thence by the State Road north 49 degrees east 32 perches to a corner; thence south 83 degrees east 26 perches to a corner; thence north 16 degrees west 116 perches to a corner; thence south 78 degrees west 18.2 perches to a corner in the west line of lot No. 201 of the allotment of Keating lands conveyed by Keating and Company to Thomas Madison, thence south by west line of said lots 201 and 84, 126 perches to the place of beginning, containing 21 acres, 35 square perches more or less and being part of lots 201 and 84 aforesaid, and part of Warrants 2064 and 2059, and being the same land conveyed by John R. Chadwick et ux to Andrew Bush by deed dated November 14, 1865, and recorded in D. B. 118, page 219.

SUBJECT to the indenture made November 6, 1901, by Andrew Bush to the Ormsby Gas Company No. 2, for the purpose of mining, excavating and drilling for petroleum, oil and natural gas on the above described lands recorded in D. B. 129, page 31.

Terms of sale one-fourth cash at the time of the sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. This sale is made in pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of McKean County, made the first day of July 1919 in proceedings of record in the office of said Clerk of Court.

Hamlin Bank and Trust Company,
By R. E. Burdick,
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Bush, Deceased.

Gallup and Potter,
Attorneys. adv2Sw3.
Smethport, Pa., July 7, 1919.

NOTICE FOR A CERTIFICATE OF PUBLIC CONVENIENCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application has been made to the Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania under the provisions of the Public Service Company Law by Charles H. Latham for a Certificate of Public Convenience evidencing the Commission's requisite approval of the right to operate auto busses between Bradford, Pa., and Smethport, Pa.

A public hearing upon this application will be held in the rooms of the Commission at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 17th day of July, 1919, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard if they desire.

CHARLES H. LATHAM,
Applicant.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of Francis Breindle, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them for the purpose of payment, to Teresa Breindle, Administratrix, Smethport, Pa.

Teresa Breindle,
Administratrix.

Gallup & Potter, Attorneys.
June 26, 1919. adv27w6

Subscribe for the MINER.

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

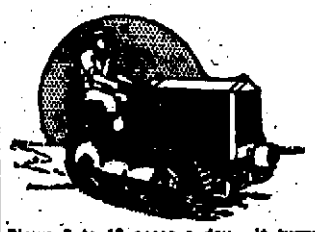
CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S Bakery



Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

Its pulley belt gives 30 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

Walk a Little Further

or shop by phone and Save Money

Best Groceries

staple - - fancy

W. C. Daly

Mechanic & Mill streets

Phone 92-J

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport, Pa., as second class matter.

HARRY L. BACKUS
Owner

ROSS K. KNAPP
Editor and Manager

Advertising rates: 15 cents per inch for display advertising. Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. Card of Thanks $1.00 each payable in advance.

Legal advertising 7 1-2 cents per line.

Address: McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

Thursday, July 10, 1919.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

COUNTY TREASURER

Editor Miner:—

Please announce that I am a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

EUGENE McCANN.

Bradford, Pa., May 9; 1919.

SHERIFF OF McKEAN COUNTY

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

C. C. CROATE.

Smethport, Pa., May, 13, 1919.

RECORDER OF DEEDS

Editor of Miner:

Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on September 17, 1919.

A. R. ANDERSON, Clermont, Pa.

May 2, 1919.

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' COURT.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, to be held September 17, 1919.

JOHN B. EASTMAN

Smethport, Pa., May 19, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate to succeed myself as County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

O. S. GAHAGAN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

A. J. BOND

Bradford, Pa., May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

E. W. JONES.

Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Cammissioner subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries, Wednesday Sept. 17, 1919.

FRANK POTTER

Smethport Pa. May 7, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Commissioner of McKean County subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican Primaries on Sept 17 1919.

CHAS. LUNDEN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 6 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

W. H. HALPENNY.

Smethport, Pa., May, 13, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

WILLIAM BOWARD, Jr.

Bradford, Pa., May 16, 1919.

E. W. Jones, candidate for county commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 17, whose announcement appears in this paper, is a man who needs no introduction to the people of the county as he is probably as generally known as any single inhabitant. As sheriff of the county he is making a highly commendable record and also during his term of office has served as a member of the draft board for the second district in a manner to win the personally expressed appreciation of higher officials in that service. Here in Smethport we know him as a useful citizen of untiring industry, a genial friend ever ready with assistance in time of need, and a thoroughly seasoned business man entirely capable and with the practical working knowledge to look after the affairs of the county in a comprehensive manner. He is an official who is not merely content to draw his salary but a man of energy and action whose conscience does not allow him to shirk his duties. If so fortunate as to be nominated and elected, and his numerous friends who will do their best to bring that end about, he will make one of the most enterprising and useful commissioners the county ever had.

* * * *

Thomas J. Young of Smethport has brought to the attention of the MINER several copies of the New York Age, one of the leading negro papers published for the negro race in America. In this paper all indications point to the fact that the negro race in America during the present war will form pages of history that the whole race can point to with pride. Individual acts of the most outstanding bravery upon the part of colored men were almost daily features of the news during the height of hostilities. In every day life they are constantly advancing and their educational institutions whose faculties are composed almost exclusively of colored people are turning out doctors, lawyers, ministers, writers, artists and teachers, whose missions are to carry on the great work of uplift. The negro in the United States is rapidly learning to solve his own problems.

* * * *

Last Sunday two local teams played a game of baseball on the fair grounds. The game was advertised and was preceded by band announcement. A fair sized crowd including a number of ladies attended and thoroughly enjoyed the game. There was no disorder, the time did not conflict with any church service, as a matter of fact the location of the grounds makes it impossible to interrupt church services by the noise of players or spectators. The town certainly needs some form of public amusement to keep from dying of dry rot, the game Sunday demonstrated that there is plenty of material here from which to select a ball team that can fittingly represent the town, therefore unless we wish to pass into oblivion as far as community amusement is concerned the team should be supported. Not all the games will be played on Sundays but that is the only day in the week that the services of all the players and the band can be counted upon. The controversy over the rights and wrongs of Sunday baseball is as old as the game and the MINER cannot conscientiously condemn as it has been asked to do. On the other hand, while it does not urge objectors to attend against their religious inclinations, this paper is in favor of the pastime and considers it a pleasant way to pass a couple of hours Sunday afternoon.

* * * *

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Growing maudlin over our returning soldiers is very easy—and exactly what they dislike.

Every one of them wants just one thing. That is a square deal. And a square deal doesn't mean a wet-eyed business welcome today, followed by an ice-pitcher, "Well, what's-wanted," reception tomorrow.

These men have no high-falutin' notions of their having saved the world for democracy; they went over there, or stayed back here in service, to lick the Hun and keep his damnable feet and unrepentant hands off this country. That's absolutely all.

Now these soldiers want, not bronze memorials to gather moss, dust, verdigris and forgetfulness, but a chance to earn a decent living in the country they put on khaki to defend.

Are you doing your part to see that they get just that?—Paragrafs.

* * * *

THAT "PLAIN PEOPLE" STUFF

President Wilson continually talks about his "special understanding and appreciation" of the "workers" and the "plain people." Where did he learn so much about them? He was either a college student or professor continuously from 1874, when he entered Davidson College as a student until he left Princeton University to become governor of New Jersey, excepting two years he spent in an unsuccessful effort to acquire a law practice at Atlanta, Georgia. Since 1902 he has been continuously a politician and office holder. Before he became a candidate for office he had pronounced views about labor unions and unprofitable servants, and ignorant "crews" from the south of Europe, which did not indicate that he was lying awake nights worrying over the welfare of the proletariat. He has been surrounded by wealth and social and educational exclusiveness all his life. He is the most secluded and exclusive president the American people have ever experienced.

Yet Mr. Wilson continually utters patronizing phrases about "the humbler classes" and "the simple firesides," and the "plain jackets," as if he had been a rail splitter or blacksmith or something all his life. The truth is that the only way to understand the common or garden variety of folks is to be one of them and to live with them. Mr. Wilson with all his affectation of undying love for the proletariat, knows only one thing about those he calls "the plain people" and that is that in this country they have a lot of votes. This is the plain, unvarnished truth of the matter, and the country is really getting rather fatigued with this continuous flow of college rhetoric about the "common people" prevailing slop.

FORT ALLEGANY

Two Weddings—Wedden Anniversary—Factory Burn

A quiet home wedding was solemnized at Scottsville, N. Y., last May day at five P. M. when Lyle W. Colden was united in marriage with Miss Fannie C. Tyler at the home of her sister Mrs. Francis R. Collins. Only the immediate members of the families [illegible] ceremony was performed by [illegible] Conrad of the [illegible] church, brother of the bride. The ring ceremony being used, Master [illegible] Collins carried the ring on a [illegible] Miss Grace McCowan was flower girl. The bride was attired in a pale pink gown of georgette and crepe-de-chine and carried a bouquet of pink bridal roses. Her traveling gown was of navy blue taffeta and georgette. She was attended by Miss Reya Holden as bridesmaid, wearing a gown of white net, carrying pink carnations. Mr. Fred Tyler, twin brother of the bride, was the best man. Mrs. R. M. Conrad played the wedding march. Covers were laid for twenty two and an elaborate course dinner was served. The wedding gifts were numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Holden left Rochester on an east bound train for New York City, Boston and other points in New England. Upon their return they will spend a few weeks this summer at the home of the groom's parents. Mr. Holden was a teacher in Port Allegany and vicinity for a number of years. He also directed the Historical Pageant given here at the time of the one hundreth anniversary of the founding of the city. For the past two years he has been the instructor in English and Literature at De Veaux College, Niagara Falls.

The fire alarm was sounded about 12:15 o'clock this Thursday noon for a fire at the paint factory. The flames spread speedily, and by one o'clock the buildings were totaly destroyed. The buildings were doomed as soon as the flames reached the vats of varnish and paint. The bursting of these inflamable materials made heavy explosions and broke into huge columns of flame. The cause of the fire is unknown. The fire started in the south section of the building. A man, who had been sleeping in the building escaped through a window, but was unable to tell how the fire started.

The building of the factory was practically new, the factory having been destroyed by fire a little more than a year ago having been later rebuilt on a smaller scale than the old factory. It is hoped that the factory will be speedily rebuilt as it is a valable industry to the town.

About four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, June 26 friends to the number forty began to gather at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luman Clare, it being the occasion of their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. The afternoon was spent in playing flinch and dominoes. At six o'clock to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss N. Clare, the bride and groom entered the dining room followed by their friends. The table was loaded with choice viands and all enjoyed a sumptuous repast. The evening was spent in games and music including solos by Miss Nellie Clare and little Helen Cromwell. About ten o'clock the guests departed wishing Mr. and Mrs Clare many happy returns of the day and voting them an ideal host and hostess.

At Condersport, Pa., July 1st 1919, occurred the marriage of Miss Lucy J. [illegible] to Mr. John A. Mathe of Port Allegany, Pa. The Rev. J. H. Balmer of the M. E. Church performing the ceremony. The ring ceremony being used.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Burt of Marvindale, Pa., and a graduate of Clarion Normal School, a popular teacher in the Hazelhurst school for a number of years....

The bridegroom is a contractor and carpenter and is known far and near.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Maltby departed for an extended auto trip which will include Buffalo and Niagara Falls. After their return they will be at home to their many friends at Sartwell Creek— Port Allegany Reporter-Argus.

MT. JEWETT

Soldiers Home Again—George Baptie Died.

Private Carl Johnson was called for service at Smethport, May 3rd. 1918, from which place he left with the others for Fort Thomas Ky., after a short stay there he was transferred to Camp Wadsworth, S. C. and from there to Camp Mills, N. Y., from which place he left for overseas on July 6th. 1918 with Co. A. 54th Infantry. They landed in Liverpool.

He was a participant in a number of the battles and at the time the armistice was signed [illegible] was in the Argonne [illegible] Sept. 26th, [illegible] Verdun and [illegible] Sedan and [illegible] Germany, which he entered a few days, with friends before reaching home.

His furlough was spent at Nice Monte Carlo and other points of interest over there, but it seems he thinks as all the other returned boys that there is enough sight seeing to [illegible] old U. S. A.

Private Jack L. Phillips left with other Selectees from Smethport, May 3rd 1918, for Fort Thomas Ky., where after a short stay was transferred to Camp Wadsworth, and from there to Camp Mills, N. Y., and on July 6th, 1918 he embarked for service overseas. Co. D, 54 the Infantry, which Co. he be landed at Glasglow, Scotland, with Co. D, 54th Infantry, which Co. he remained with until he was transferred to G. H. Q. on March 1, 1919.

Jack had a pass for Paris, but as he prefered the United States and home to Paris he immediately left Brest June 10 landing at Hoboken, N. J., June 19th, and was soon discharged arriving in Mt. Jewett June 27.

He states that his experience has been as the many other returned soldier boys, and would rather have them Spiked with the world war.

After an absence of over a year he takes up his old duties at his father, S. Phillip's clothing store, and it sure does seem natural to see his smiling face again.

George Baptie, a highly respected citizen of Mt. Jewett, died Saturday, June 28, his death being caused by Asertesa, better known as Bright's dease and Arterioscloroosto the contributary cause.

He was 79 years of age and unmarried. He had been a resident in Mt. Jewett for the past 11 or 12 years. Being in the service of the Tide Water Pipe Co., for 25 years was retired by the Co. and has been a resident in Mt. Jewett since that time. Mr. Baptie is survived by three brothers and one sister. He was born in Scotland.

Short funeral services were conducted by Rev. Livingston Monday afternoon at his residence on Oberg Ave. On Tuesday morning the remains were taken to Kent, Ohio for burial.

Mt. Jewett regrets the loss of such a valuable citizen as Mr. Baptie had been.

Miss Daisy Harpst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Harpst of Mt. Jewett, and Mr. Alton B. Elle of Binghamton, N. Y., were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chares Sutton, of Canisteo, N. Y., on Saturday, June 28. Rev. Melvin J. Hill of the Methodist church at Canisteo, officiating.

The bride is one of Mt. Jewett's well known young ladies, but for some time has been employed at Canisteo, N. Y. After a two weeks honey-moon to be spent in Mt. Jewett, they will leave for Binghamton, N. Y., where they will make their future home.

The Herald joins with the many friends in wishing them happiness in their venture on matrimonial seas.

Miss Annie Sherwood of Brookville Pa., and Norman Arthur of Hazlehurst Pa., were united in marriage at the home of Vernon Stewart at Brookville Pa., Saturday, June 28, Rev. L. M. Bernard officiating.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Mary Arthur of Hazlehurst. The Herald joins with their many friends in wishing them a happy wedded life.

—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Cononada Camp Fire Girls were enertained at the home of Miss Carrie Natello on Water street Tuesday evening. Light refreshments were served by the hostess.

LADIES

We have an unequalled line of ladies shoes for spring wear. If you have not already looked over the styles come in.

Shoes for the Whole Family here
WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

At Lindholms

The best Dress and Working Shoe at prices from $2.93 to $4.48 per pair.

Rubber Boots from $3.48 to $4.75 for the best Storm King Goodyear Glove make.

Non-Skid Tires for your Auto—all sizes—5000 mile guarantee at prices never heard of before.

A big can of Pumpkin this week for only 10 cents.

Fresh Eggs and Butter always on hand—Phone your order and a prompt delivery assured.

The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16 M.
CASTLE GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H. SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

Your Eyes Are Wage Earners

DO YOU appreciate the working importance of good eyesight!

Don't harbour doubts about your sight—delay oft does serious damage. It costs you nothing to learn what your eyes need.

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Examination by Appointment.

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Dr. J. M. Wiant, Optometrist.

Pure Hawaiian Pineapple
Juice and Fruit.

Tim Pine

a glass of Tim Pine fine before bed-time or any other time.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

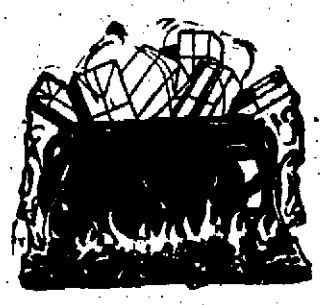
The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS
Drug Store.

The Miner $2 Per Year

The Pot Begins To Boil



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The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace

The Caloric is also heating churches, halls, factories and stores. It does this at a saving of ... It is installed in new or old buildings, frequently in one day and without interfering with ... It is sold and fully guaranteed by the manufacturers as well as ourselves. Let us send you our interesting literature.

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The amount you save is actually less important than the fact that you really do save.

There is no habit that so surely leads to success as the habit of saving; no power so great as the power of thrift.

Save a little more. — Spend a little less:

Invest your savings safely; we are always glad to advise savers how to make savings grow

War Savings Stamps are safe.

BUY W. S. S.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

STATE HIGHWAY WORK

WANTED AT ONCE

TEAMS, CARPENTERS & LABORERS

CALL OFFICE AT FARMERS VALLEY OR E. H. RAWLINS, GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, SMETHPORT.

WARREN MOORE & CO.

McKean County Miner

Thursday, July 10, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. H. L. Burlingame of Kasson was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

—Miss Freda Valentine of Olean visited Smethport friends yesterday.

—Clair Thomas of the U. S. S. Von Steuben is expected home Friday for good.

—W. M. Kinney of Marvin Creek was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

—Mrs. A. H. Pierce returned Saturday from a visit with friends in Bradford, Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Fry and daughter, Miss Margaret motored to Port Alleganey Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Brown and children were Olean visitors last Thursday and Friday.

—The members of the Auction Bridge club enjoyed a picnic at Digel Hollow Camp Tuesday evening.

—There will be a dance at Galco Park next Wednesday evening. Good music and a good time assured to all.

—The fourteenth annual reunion of the Bockwiths will be held at Riverhurst, N. Y., Wednesday, August 6, 1919.

—Mrs. Silas Keenan of New York ... spending the summer vacation ... parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. ... Olean.

—... Mrs. W. ... Port ... Mrs. Rice, both of Smethport.

—Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett arrived in town Monday and will spend the week at the home of her father, H. M. Choate.

—Miss Mary McCarty who is attending Summer school at Bradford spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. McCarthy.

—Archie Mercer arrived home Monday from Youngstown, Ohio, where he had been visiting relatives.

—Next Wednesday, July 16, at 2:30 P. M. the Ladies Aid Society Dorcas will meet at the home of Mrs. John Hector, corner of Hamlin and King streets.

—Church will be held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Swedish Lutheran Church. Rev. G. S. Larson from Port Alleganey will conduct the services.

—Mrs. Albert Lyne and daughter Evelyn, left Saturday for Pittsburgh, Pa., where Mr. Lyne is employed and where they expect to make their future home.

—Miss Vera Jones, who is attending summer school at Bradford spent the week end at her home in this place with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones.

—Mr and Mrs. E. W. Workley and daughter, Margaret visited relatives at York, N. Y., a few days returning Sunday night.

—Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker and children of Erie, Pa., have been guests of Mrs. Baker's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy for the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Curt Rors, daughters, Mable, Verna, and Ruth and son William returned Saturday from a visit with relatives and friends in Bradford.

—Miss Alberta Choate who has been visiting at the home of her father, H. M. Choate for the past three weeks returned to New York City Monday.

—Miss Mae Choate left Monday for Conneaut, Pa., where she will attend the Episcopal Sunday School Convention which will be in session all this week.

—Miss Berdie Monheimer a student at Bryant and Strattons business college at Buffalo, N. Y., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Monheimer.

—Miss Norine Kidder who is employed in Canton, Ohio, arrived home Sunday for a four weeks visit with her father, A. H. Kider and grandmother, Mrs. Kate Kidder.

—Mr. and Mrs. Nels Anderson, son Henry, and Messrs. Lenus and Andrew Jacobson of Niagara Falls motored to Smethport Friday and are guests at the home of Lewis Thomas.

—A. W. Colegrove who has been confined to his home on East Main street by illness for the past two months is improving and now able to be out which is good news to all.

—Clerk of the Courts Frank R. Foster is confined to his room by illness but reports yesterday said that his condition was improving and that he would soon be able to be out again.

—Masser Bros. Co. has a page advertisement to-day telling of a big July clearance sale. This is an exceptional favorable opportunity for bargian seekers and it means money in your pockets to read the advertisement.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arthurs were guests of relatives in Hazlehurst over Sunday.

Frank Hooley of Olean visited friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Douglass attended the celebration held at Bradford, July 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Chare of Olean were guests of Mrs. P. H. McAhon over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Love entertained Homer Cleveland and family from Mansfield, Pa., and Oscar Maynard of Coudersport, Pa., one day last week.

Mrs. Anna Coons and sons Lawrence and Walter who have been visiting in Kane and Johnsonburg have returned home at East Smethport.

George King and niece Emma Zimmerman motored to Bradford Sunday to visit Mrs. King who is a patient at the Hospital.

Frank Hooley of Olean visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Hooley over Sunday.

A party was given in honor of Lewyma Stickles at his home on Wednesday evening. He recently returned from France.

Mrs. Amy Roberts was a business visitor at Farmers Valley on Monday.

Vera Ford and Raymond Lynch were Port Allegany visitors one night this week.

EAST SMETHPORT

Items Concerning People Coming and Going During the Week.

... Mrs. ... of Smethport were Sunday ... of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Reeves.

... Mrs. B. L. Hyde.

... was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McCabe Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Washburn and son Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moody and family of Coryville were ... and Mrs. O. D. Nourse.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerston of Wellsville, were visiting friends and relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Peterson of Olean spent the fourth with her parents.

Miss Carrie Oviatt and Mrs. Brockham called on Sarah Armstrong Saturday.

Miss Gladys Nourse was in Bradford, Friday.

Miss Adna Burdick of Detroit, Michigan is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burdick.

A. F. Reeves and family motored to Bradford Friday.

Cleaning

Repairing

Pressing

Clothing

Neat Work

Promptly Done

Leo J. Sampson

Main St. Smethport.

Boys Wash Suits

ages 3 to 7

50c to $1.00 SAVED

if you buy this week. Come and see for yourself. You will find this to be

A GENUINE BARGAIN

Ours are *the real* "K&E" guaranteed non-fading Wash Suits worth from $2.50 to $4.00 each—but if you buy this week you save from 50c to $1.00 on every suit.

Wm. Monheimer

Smethport

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Shirts

The Fry Company

Smethport, Penna.

July Clearance Sale

IT ENDS SATURDAY NIGHT JULY 12

A lot of very desirable bargains in seasonable merchandise may yet be had but prompt action is necessary.

SIX COATS

1—	$25.00	Wisteria	size 16	Leftover Now	$ 5.75
1—	18.00	Navy Serge	" 16	New "	12.75
1—	18.50	"	" "	18 Leftover "	5.75
1—	26.50	Khaki Cloth	" 38	New "	17.75
1—	21.50	Black Serge	" 44	" "	14.75
1—	22.50	Navy	" Dolman	42 New "	15.75

THREE SUITS

1—	42.50	Navy Serge	Size	36	New Now	26.75
1—	45.00	"	"	40	" "	26.75
1—	38.50	Blk.	"	44	" "	26.75

TWO SILK DRESSES

1—	18.50	Taupe Taffeta	Size	18	New Now	13.75
1—	18.50	Navy	"	38	" "	13.75

Waists ⅓ off—Underwear 1-5 off 1 lot—Embroideries ⅓ off—Bargains in floor coverings—Dress Goods—Corsets—Men's Shirts—Wash Goods and many other lines.

THE FARMER'S RELATION TO THIS BANK

We consider the Farmer the very backbone of this great Empire. It is through his untiring efforts this community is permitted to enjoy its present prosperity.

A large percent of our business comes from the farmer. Some of our directors are farmers. Service to the farmer is our first consideration.

We invite your business, large or small

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pennsylvania

FIREWORKS

TO be or not to be a Safe and Sane Fourth!

No safer, and certainly no saner way of celebrating can be found than in the investment of "firework" money into lasting demonstrations—jewels, watches, diamonds and other things.

They do not explode

They are not dangerous

Yet they attract attention.

Celebrate your "Fourth" with gifts of usefulnes s —jewelry.

J. M. Wiant - Jeweler and Optometrist

(SUCCESSOR TO VICTOR ENGSTROM)

The House of Quality - - - - - - - - Smethport, Pa.

TWO EXCELLENT BARGAINS

3½ acres at borough line. Good house, barn, water, gas, chickens and chicken house. A cosy home for someone at $1,000.

49 acres farm, 3½ miles from Smethport. 8-room house, horsebarn, blacksmith shop, windmill. Buildings and farm are in excellent shape and a fine orchard is included. This is one of the most desirable properties in the county at the price, $3,000.

M. S. GEARY REAL ESTATE AGENT

PIECES of EIGHT

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1908 — NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

By Richard Le Gallienne

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Book I.

CHAPTER I.

Introduces the Secretary of the Treasury of His Britannic Majesty's Government at Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands.

During the summer of 1908 I was paying what must have seemed like an interminable visit to my old friend John Saunders, who at that time filled with becoming dignity the high-sounding office of secretary of the treasury of his majesty's government, in the quaint little town of Nassau, in the island of New Providence, one of those Bahama islands that lie half lost to the world to the southeast of the Caribbean sea and form a somewhat neglected portion of the British West Indies.

Time was when they had a sounding name for themselves in the world; when the now sleepy little harbor gave shelter to rousing freebooters and tarry pirates, tearing in there under full sail with their loot from the Spanish Main.

But those heroic days are gone, and Nassau is given up to a sleepy trade in sponges and tortoise shell, and peace is no name for the drowsy tenor of the days under the palm trees and the scarlet poinciannas.

Here a handful of Englishmen, clothed in the white linen suits of the tropics, carry on the government after the traditional manner of British colonies from time immemorial, each of them, like my friend, not without an English smile at the humor of the thing, supporting the dignity of offices with impressive names—lord chief justice, attorney general, speaker of the house, lord high admiral, colonial secretary and so forth.

My friend the secretary of the treasury is a man possessing in an uncommon degree that rare and most attractive of human qualities, companionableness. As we sit together in the hush of his snuggery of an evening, surrounded by guns, fishing lines and old prints, there are times when we scarcely exchange a dozen words between dinner and bedtime, and yet we have all the time a keen and satisfying sense of companionship. It is John Saunders' gift. Companionship seems quietly to ooze out of him, without the need of words.

And occasionally we have as third in those evening conclaves a big, slow-smiling, broad-faced young merchant of the same kidney. In he drops with a nod and a smile, and takes his place in the smoke cloud of our meditations, radiating without the effort of speech that good thing—humanity; though one must not forget the one subject on which now and again the good Charlie Webster achieves eloquence in spite of himself—duck shooting.

John Saunders' subject is shark fishing. Duck shooting and shark fishing. It is enough. Here, for sensible men, is a sufficient basis for life-long friendship, and unwearying, inexhaustible companionship.

It was in this peace of John Saunders' snuggery one July evening in 1908, the three of us being duly met and ensconced in our respective armchairs, that we got onto the subject of buried treasure. It was I who started us off by asking John what he knew about buried treasure.

At this John laughed his funny little quiet laugh. "Buried treasure!" he said; "well, I have little doubt that the islands are full of it—if one only knew how to get at it."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Certainly. Why not? Weren't these islands for nearly three centuries the stamping ground of all the pirates of the Spanish Main? Morgan was here, Blackbeard was here. The very governors themselves were little better than pirates. This room we are sitting in was the den of one of the biggest rogues of them all—John Tinker—the governor when Brince was here building Fort Montague at the east end yonder, building it against pirates, and little else but pirates at the Government house all the time. A great old time Tinker gave the poor fellow. You can read all about it in his 'Memoirs.' Nassau was the rendezvous for all the cutthroats of the Caribbean sea. Here they came in with their loot, their doubloons and pieces of eight," and John's eyes twinkled with enjoyment of the rich old romantic words, as though they were old port.

"Here they squandered much of it, no doubt, but they couldn't squander it all. Some of them were thrifty knaves, too, and these, looking around for some place of safety, would naturally think of the bush. The birds keep their little hoards there to this day."

"It is their form of stocking," put in Charlie Webster.

"Precisely. Well, as I was saying, those old fellows would bury their hoards in some cave or other, and then go off—and get hanged. Their ghosts perhaps came back. But their money is still here, lots of it, you bet your life."

"Do they ever make any finds?" I asked.

"Nothing big that I know of. A jug full of old coins now and then. I

"Those Old Fellows Would Bury Their Hoards."

found one a year or two ago in my garden here—buried down among the roots of that old fig tree."

"Then," put in Charlie, "there was that mysterious stranger over at North Cay. He's supposed to have got away with quite a pile."

"Tell me about him," said I.

"Well, there used to be an old eccentric character in the town here—a halfbreed by the name of Andrews. John will remember him—"

John nodded.

"He used to go around all the time with a big umbrella, and muttering to himself. We used to think him half crazy. Gone so brooding over this very subject of buried treasure. Better look out, young man!"—smiling at me. "He used to be always grubbing about in the bush. Well, several years ago there came a visitor from New York, and he got thick with the old fellow. They used to go about a lot together, and were often off on so-called fishing trips for days on end. Actually, it is believed, they were after something on North Cay. At all events some months afterward the New Yorker disappeared as he had come and has not been heard from since. But since then they have found a sort of brick vault over there which has evidently been excavated. I have seen it myself. A sort of walled chamber. There, it's supposed the New Yorker found something or other. That's the story for what it's worth."

As Charlie finished John slapped his knee.

"The very thing for you!" he said; "why have I never thought of it before?"

"What do you mean, John?" we both asked.

"Why down at the office I've got the very thing. A pity I haven't got it here. You must come in and see it tomorrow."

"What on earth is it? Why do you keep us guessing?"

"Why, it's an old manuscript that came into my hands a short time ago. Charlie, you remember old Wicks—old Billy Wicks—Wrecker Wicks, they called him—"

"I should say I do. A wonderful old villain—"

"But the document, for heaven's sake," I said. "The document first; the story will keep."

"Well, they were pulling down Wicks' own house just lately, and out of the rafters there fell a roll of paper—now I'm coming to it—a roll of paper, purporting to be the account of the burying of a certain treasure, telling the place where it is buried, and giving directions for finding it—"

Charlie and I exclaimed together; and John continued, with tantalizing deliberation:

"It's a statement purporting to be made by some fellow a little north—a Spanish fellow dying out in Texas—a guardian pirate, anxious to make his peace in the end and to give his friends the benefit of his knowledge."

"Oh, John!" said I, "I shan't sleep a wink tonight."

"I don't think you'll be in it," said John. "I'm inclined to think it's a hoax. Someone trying to fool the old fellow. . . . But, boys, it's bedtime, anyhow. Come down to the office in the morning and we'll look it over."

So our meeting broke up for the time being, and taking my candle I went upstairs, to dream of caves overflowing with goldpieces, and John Tinker, fierce and mustachioed, standing over me, a cutlass between his teeth and a revolver in each hand.

CHAPTER II.

The Narrative of Henry P. Tobias, ex-Pirate, as Dictated on His Deathbed, in the Year of Our Lord 1866.

The good John had scarcely made his leisurely, distinguished appearance at his desk on the morrow when I too entered by one door and Charlie Webster by the other.

"Now for the document," we both exclaimed in a breath.

"Here it is," he said, taking up a rather grimy-looking roll of foolscap from in front of him, which, as he pointed out, was evidently the work of a person of very little education, and began to read as follows:

County of Travas, State of Texas,
December 1866.

Feeling my end is near, I make the following statement of my own free will and without solicitation. In full exercise of all my faculties, and feel that I am doing my duty by so doing.

I was born in the city of Liverpool, England (on the 5th day of December 1784). My father was a seaman and when I was young I followed the same occupation. And it happened, that when, on a passage from Spain to the West Indies, our ship was attacked by free-traders, as they called themselves, but they were pirates.

We all did our best, but were overpowered, and the whole crew, except three, were killed. I was one of the three they did not kill. They carried us on board their ship and kept us until next day when they asked us to join them. They tried to get us to join them willingly, but we would not, when they became enraged and loaded three cannon and lashed each one of us before the mouth of each cannon and told us to take our choice to join them, as they would touch the guns and that damn quick. It is useless to say we accepted everything before death, so we came one of the pirates' crew. Both of my companions were killed in less time than six months, but I was with them for more than two years, in which time we collected a vast quantity of money from different ships we captured and we buried a great amount in two different lots. I helped to bury it with my own hands. The location of which it is my purpose to point out, so that it can be found without trouble in the Bahama Islands. After I had been with them for more than two years, we were attacked by a large warship and our commander told us to fight for our lives, as it would be death if we were taken. But the guns of our ship were too small for the warship, so our ship soon began to sink, when the man-of-war ran alongside of our vessels and tried to board us, but we were sinking too fast, so she had to haul off again, when our vessel sank with everything on board, and I escaped by swimming under the stern of the ship, as ours sank, without being seen, and holding on to the ship until dark, when I swam to a portion of the wrecked vessel floating not far away. And on that I floated. The next morning the ship was not seen. I was picked up by a passing vessel the next day as a shipwrecked seaman.

And let me say here, I know that no one escaped alive from our vessel except myself and those that were taken by the man-of-war. And those were all executed as pirates—so I know that no other man knows of this treasure except myself and it must be and is where we buried it until today and unless you get it through this statement it will remain there always and do no one any good.

Therefore, it is your duty to trace it up and get it for your own benefit, as well as others, so delay not, but act as soon as possible.

I will now describe the places, locations, marks, etc., etc., so plainly that it can be found, without any trouble.

The first is a sum of one million and a half dollars ($1,500,000)—

At this point John paused. We all took a long breath, and Charlie Webster gave a soft whistle and smacked his lips.

"A million and a half dollars. What ho!"

Then I, happening to cast my eye through the open door, caught sight of a face gazing through the ironwork of the outer office with a fixed and glittering expression, a face anything but prepossessing, the face of a half-breed, deeply pockmarked, with a course hook nose and evil-looking eyes, unnaturally close together. It was evident from his expression that he had not missed a word of the reading.

"There is someone in the outer office," I said, and John rose and went out.

"Good morning, Mr. Saunders," said an unpleasantly soft and cringing voice.

"Good morning," said John, somewhat grumpily, "what is it you want?"

It was some detail of account, which, being dispatched, the man shuffled off, with evident reluctance, casting a long, inquisitive look at us, seated at the desk, and John, taking up the manuscript once more, resumed:

. . . a sum of one million and one half dollars—buried at a cay known as Dead Men's Shoes, near Nassau, in the Bahama Islands. About fifty feet (50 ft.) south of this Dead Men's Shoes is a rock, on which we cut the form of a compass. And twenty feet (20 ft.) East from the cay is another rock on which we cut a cross (X). Under this rock it is buried four feet (4 ft.) deep.

The other is a sum of one million dollars ($1,000,000). It is buried on what was known as Short Shrift Island; on the highest point of this Short Shrift Island is a large cabbage wood stump and twenty feet (20 ft.) south of this stump is the treasure, buried five feet (5 ft.) deep and can be found without difficulty. Short Shrift island is a place where passing vessels stop to get fresh water. No great distance from Nassau, so it can be easily found.

The first pot was taken from a Spanish merchant and it is in Spanish silver dollars.

The other on Short Shrift Island is in different kinds of money, taken from different ships of different nations—it is all good money.

Now friends, I have told you all that is necessary for you to know to recover these treasures and I leave it in your hands and it is my request that when you read this, you will at once take steps to recover it, and when you get it, it is my wish that you use it in a way most good to yourself and others. This is all I ask.

I am, truly your friend,
HENRY P. TOBIAS.

"Henry P. Tobias?" said Charlie Webster. "Never heard of him. Did you, John?"

"Never!"

And then there was a stir in the outer office. Someone was asking for the secretary of the treasury. So John rose.

"I must get to work now, boys. We can talk it over tonight." And then, handing me the manuscript: "Take it home with you, if you like, and look it over at your leisure."

As Charlie Webster and I passed out into the street I noticed the fellow of the sinister pockmarked visage standing near the window of the inner office. The window was open, and anyone standing outside could easily have heard everything that passed inside. As the fellow caught my eye he smiled unpleasantly and slunk off down the street.

"Who is that fellow?" I asked Charlie. "He's a queer-looking specimen."

"Yes; he's no good. Yet he's more

"Who Is That Fellow?" I Asked Charlie.

half-witted than bad, perhaps. His face is against him, poor devil."

And we went our ways till the evening, I to post home to the further study of the narrative. There, seated on the pleasant veranda, I went over it carefully, sentence by sentence. While I was reading, someone called me indoors. I put down the manuscript on the little bamboo table at my side and went in. When I returned a few moments afterward the manuscript was gone!

CHAPTER III.

I Charter the "Maggie Darling."

As luck would have it, the loss, or rather the theft of Henry P. Tobias' narrative was not so serious as it at first seemed, for it fortunately chanced that John Saunders had had it copied; but the theft remained none the less mysterious.

However, leaving that mystery for later solution, John Saunders, Charlie Webster and I spent the next evening in a general and particular criticism of the narrative itself. There were several obvious objections to be made against its authenticity. To start with, Tobias, at the time of his deposition, was an old man—seventy-five years old—and it was more than probable that his experiences as a pirate would date from his early manhood; they were hardly likely to have taken place as late as his fortieth year. The narrative, indeed, suggested their taking place much earlier, and there would thus be a space of at least forty years between the burial of the treasure and his deathbed revelation. It was natural to ask: Why during all those years did he not return and retrieve the treasure for himself? Various circumstances may have prevented him, the inability from lack of means to make the journey, or what not; but certainly one would need to imagine circumstances of peculiar power that should be strong enough to keep a man with so valuable a secret in his possession so many years from taking advantage of it.

For a long while, too, the names given to the purported sites of the treasure caches puzzled us. Modern maps give no such places as "Dead Men's Shoes" and "Short Shrift island," but at last, in a map dating back to 1703, we came upon one of the two names. So far the veracity of Tobias was supported. "Dead Men's Shoes" proved to be the old name for a certain cay some twenty miles long, about a day and a half's sail from Nassau, one of the long string of coral islands now known as the "Exuma Cays." But of "Short Shrift Island" we sought in vain for a trace.

"All the same," said I, "the adventure calls me; the adventure and that million and a half dollars—and those 'Dead Men's Shoes'—and I intend to undertake it. I am not going to let your middle-aged skepticism discourage me. Treasure or no treasure, there will be the excitement of the quest, and all the fun of the sea."

"And some duck perhaps," added Charlie.

"And some shark fishing for certain," said John.

* * * * * *

The next thing was to set about getting a boat and a crew.

After looking over much likely and unlikely craft we finally decided on a two-masted schooner of trim but solid build, the Maggie Darling, 42 feet over all and 18 beam; something under twenty tons, with an auxiliary gasoline engine of 24 horse power, and an alleged speed of ten knots.

Next, the crew.

"You will need a captain, a cook, an engineer and a deckhand," said Charlie, "and I have the captain and the cook all ready for you."

That afternoon we rounded them all up, including the engineer and the deckhand, and we arranged to start, weather permitting, with the morning tide, which set east at six o'clock on July 13, 1908.

Ship's stores were the next detail, and these, including fifty gallons of gasoline, over and above the tanks and three barrels of water, being duly got aboard, on the evening of July 12 all was ready for the start; an evening which was naturally spent in a parting conclave in John Saunders' snuggery.

"Why, one important thing you've forgotten," said Charlie. "Machetes—and spades and pickaxes. And I'd take a few sticks of dynamite along with you too. I can let you have the lot. We'll get them aboard tonight."

"It's a pity you have to give it away that it's a treasure hunt," said John, "but then you can't keep the crew from knowing. And they're a queer lot on the subject of treasure, have some of the rummiest superstitions. I hope you won't have any trouble with them."

"Had any experience in handling niggers?" asked Charlie.

"Not the least."

"That makes me wish I were coming with you. They are cum beggars. Awful cowards, and just like a pack of children. You know about sailing anyhow. That's a good thing. You can captain your own boat, if need be. That's all to the good. Particularly if you strike any dirty weather. But let me give you one word of advice: Be kind, of course, with them—but keep your distance all the same. And be careful about losing your temper. You get more out of them by coaxing—hard as it is, at times. And, by the way, how would you like to take old 'Sailor' with you?"

"Sailor" was a great Labrador retriever, who at that moment turned up his big head with a devoted sigh from behind his master's chair.

"Rather," I said. So "Sailor" was thereupon enrolled as a further addition to the crew.

"Old Tom," the cook, was first on hand next morning. I took to him at once. A simple, kindly old "darky" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" type, with faithfulness written all over him, and a certain sad wisdom in his old face.

"You'll find Tom a great cook," said Charlie, putting the old man on the shoulder. "Many a trip we've taken together after duck, haven't we, Tom?"

"That's right, suh. That's right," said the old man, his eyes twinkling with pleasure.

Then came the captain—Capt. Jabez Williams—a younger man, with an intelligent, self-respecting manner, somewhat noncommittal, businesslike, evidently not particularly anxious as to whether he pleased or not, but looking competent and civil enough.

Next came the engineer, a young hulking bronze giant, a splendid physical specimen, but rather heavy and sullen and not over-intelligent to look it. The deckhand proved to be a shackly, rather silly, effeminate fellow, suggesting idiocy, but doubtless wiry and good enough for the purpose.

While they were busy getting up the anchor of the Maggie Darling I went down into my cabin to arrange various odds and ends, and presently came the captain, touching his hat.

"There's a party," he said, "outside here wants to know if you'll take him passenger to Spanish Wells."

"We're not taking passengers," I answered, "but I will look him over."

A man was standing up in a rowboat, leaning against the ship's side.

"You'd do me a great favor, sir," he began to say in a soft, ingratiating voice.

I looked at him with a start of recognition. He was my pockmarked friend, who had made such an unpleasant impression on me at John Saunders' office. He was rather more gentlemanly looking than he had seemed at the first view, and I saw that, though he was a halfbreed the white blood predominated.

"I don't want to intrude," he said, "but I have urgent need of getting to Spanish Wells, and there's no boat going that way for a week. I've just missed the mail."

"I didn't think of taking any passengers," I said.

"I know," he said. "I know it's a great favor I ask." He spoke with a certain cultivation of manner. "But I am willing of course to pay anything you think well for my food and my passage."

I waived that suggestion aside and stood irresolutely looking at him, with no very hospitable expression in my eyes, I dare say. But really my distaste for him was an unreasoning prejudice, and Charlie Webster's phrase came to my mind—"His face is against the poor devil!"

It certainly was.

Then at last I said, surely not overgraciously: "Very well. Get aboard. You can help work the boat;" and with that I turned away to my cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which Tom Catches an Enchanted Fish, and Discourses of the Dangers of Treasure Hunting.

The morning was a little overcast, but a brisk northeast wind soon set the clouds moving as it went humming in

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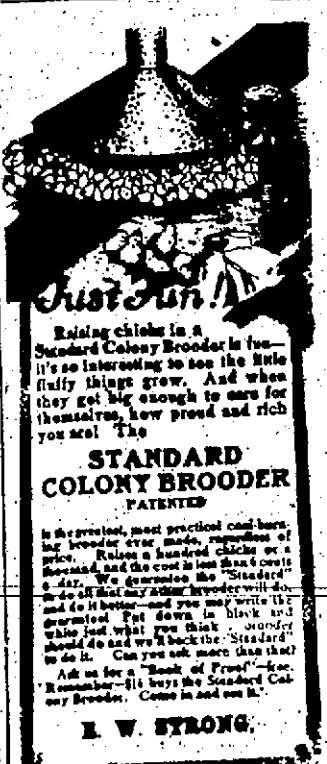
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and sails, and the sun, coming out in its glory over the crystalline waters, made a fine dashing world of it, full of exhilaration and the very breath of youth and adventure, very uplifting to the heart.

Nassau looked very pretty in the morning sunlight, with its pink and white houses nestling among palm trees and the masts of its sponging schooners, and soon we were abreast of the picturesque low-lying fort, Fort Montague, that Major Bruce, nearly two hundred years ago, had such a time building as a protection against pirates entering from the east end of the harbor. It looked like a veritable piece of the past, and set the imagination dreaming of those old days of Spanish galleons and the black flag, and brought my thoughts eagerly back to the object of my trip, those doubloons and pieces of eight that lay in glittering heaps somewhere out in those island wildernesses.

Then Tom came up with my breakfast. The old fellow stood by to serve

Then Tom Came Up With My Breakfast.

me as I ate, with a pathetic touch of the old slavery days in his deferential, half-fatherly manner, dropping a quaint remark every now and again; as, when drawing my attention to the sun bursting through the clouds, he said, "The poor man's blanket is coming out, sah"—phrases in which there seemed a whole lot of pathos to me.

Presently, when breakfast was over, and I stood looking over the side into the incredibly clear water, in which it seems hardly possible that a boat can go on floating, suspended as she seems, over gleaming gulfs of liquid space, down through which at every moment it seems she must dizzily fall.

As Tom and I gazed down, lo! in these rainbow depths, I heard a voice at my elbow saying with peculiarly sickening unction:

"The wonderful works of God."

It was my unwelcome passenger, who had silently crept up to where we stood. I looked at him, with the question very clear in my eyes as to what kind of disagreeable animal he was.

"Precisely," I said, and moved away.

I had been trying to feel more kindly toward him, wondering whether I could summon up the decency to offer him a cigar, but "the wonderful works of God" finished me.

"Hello! captain," I said presently, pointing to some sails coming up rapidly behind us. "What's this? I thought we'd got the fastest boat in the harbor."

"It's the Susan B., sponger," said the captain.

The captain was a man of few words.

The Susan B. was a rakish-looking craft with a black hull, and she certainly could sail. No doubt it was pure imagination, but I did fancy that I noticed one passenger signal to them in a peculiar way.

I confess that his presence was beginning to get on my nerves, and I was ready to get "edgy" at anything or nothing—an irritated state of mind which I presently took out on George the engineer, who did not belie his hulking appearance, and who was forever letting the engine stop and taking forever to get it going again. One could almost have sworn he did it on purpose.

My language was more forcible than classical—had quite a piratical flavor, in fact; and my friend of "the wonderful works of God" looked up with a deprecating air. Its effect on George was nil, except perhaps to further deepen his sulks.

And this I did notice, after a while, that my remarks to George seemed to have set up a certain sympathetic acquaintance between him and my passenger, the shackly deckhand being apparently taken in as an humble third. They sat for'ard, talking together, and my passenger read to them, on one occasion, from a piece of printed paper that fluttered in the wind.

The captain was occupied with his helm, and the thoughts he didn't seem to feel the necessity of sharing; a quiet, poised, probably stupid man, for whom I could not deny the respect we must always give to content, however simple. He was a sailor, and I don't know what better to say of a man.

So for companionship I was thrown back upon Tom. I felt, too, that he was my only friend on board, and a vague feeling had come over me that within the next few hours I might need a friend.

"Are we going too fast for fishing, Tom?" I asked.

"Not too fast for a barracouta," said Tom; so we put out lines and watched the stretched strings, and listened to the sea. After a while Tom's line grew taut, and we hauled in a five-foot barracouta.

"Look!" said Tom, as he pointed to a little writhing eel-like shape, about nine inches long, attached to the belly of the barracouta.

"A sucking fish!" said Tom. "That's good luck;" and he proceeded to turn over the poor creature and cut from his back, immediately below his head, a flat inch and a half of skin lined and stamped like a rubber sole—the device by which he held on to the belly of the barracouta much as the circle of wet leather holds the stone in a schoolboy's sling.

"Now," he said, when he had it clean and neat in his fingers, "we must hang this up and dry it in the northeast wind; the wind is just right—nor'-nor'east—and there is no mascot like it, specially when—" Old Tom hesitated, with a slyly innocent smile in his eyes.

"What is it, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I meant to say that this particular part of a sucking fish, properly dried in the northeast wind, is a wonderful mascot—when you're going after treasure."

"Who said I was going after treasure?" I asked.

"Aren't you, sah?" replied Tom, "asking your pardon."

"Let's talk it over later on, when you bring me my dinner, Tom."

Later, as Tom stood, serving my coffee, I took it up with him again.

"What was that you were saying about treasure, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, sir, what I meant was this: that going after treasure is a dangerous business . . . it's not only the living you're to think of—" Here Tom threw a careful eye for'ard.

"The crew, you mean?"

He nodded.

"But it's the dead too."

"The dead, Tom?"

"Well, sar, there was never a buried treasure yet that didn't claim its victim. Not one or two either. Six or eight of them, to my knowledge—and the treasure just where it was for all that. I das'say it sounds all foolishness, but it's true for all that. Something or other'll come, mark my word—just when they think they've got their hands on it: a hurricane or a tidal wave or an earthquake. And—well, the ghost laughs, but the treasure stays there all the same."

"The ghost laughs?" I asked.

"Eh! of cojrse; didn't you know every treasure is guarded by a ghost? He's got to keep watch there till the next fellow comes along, to relieve sentry duty, so to speak. He doesn't give it away. My no! He dassn't do that. But the minute someone else is killed, coming looking for it, then he's free—and the new ghost has got to go on sitting there, waiting for ever so long till someone else comes looking for it."

"But what has this sucking fish got to do with it?" And I pointed to the red membrane already drying in Tom's hand.

"Well, the man who carries this in his pocket won't be the next ghost," he answered.

"Take good care of it for me, then, Tom," I said, "and when it's properly dried let me have it. For I've a sort of idea I may have need of it, after all."

And just then old Sailor, the quietest member of the crew, put up his head

"Tom and You and I."

into my hands, as though to say that he had been unfairly lost sight of.

"Yes, and you too, old chap—that's right, Tom and you and I."

And then I turned in for the night.

CHAPTER V.

In Which We Begin to Understand Our Unwelcome Passenger.

As I stirred and looked out of my cabin soon after dawn, about 4:30 next morning, there was no wind at all, and no hope of wind.

As I stood out of the cabin hatch, however, there was enough breeze to flutter a piece of [illegible] had been caught in the mainsail halyard; it fluttered there lonely in the morning. Nothing else was astir but it and I, and I took it up in my hand idly. As I did so George reared his head for'ard:

"Morning, George," I said; "I guess we've got to run on gasoline today."

"There ain't no gasoline, sir. It's run out in the night."

"The tanks were filled when we started, weren't they?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"We can't have used them up so soon . . ."

"No, sir—but someone has turned the cocks . . ."

I stood dazed for a moment, wondering how this could have happened—then a thought slowly dawned upon me.

"Who has charge of them?" I said.

George looked a little stupid, then defiant.

"I see," I said; and, suddenly, without remembering Charlie Webster's advice not to lose your temper with a negro—I realised that this was no accident, but a deliberate trick, something indeed in the nature of a miniature mutiny. That fluttering paper I had picked from the halyard lay near my breakfast table. I had only half read it. Now its import came to me with full force. I had no firearms with me. Having a quick temper, I have made it a habit all my life never to carry a gun—because they go off so easily. But one most essential part of a gentleman's education had been mine, so I applied it instantly on George, with the result that a well-directed blow under the peak of the jaw sent him sprawling, and for awhile speechless, in the cockpit.

"No gasoline?" I said.

And then my passenger—I must give him credit for the courage—put up his head for'ard, and called out:

"I protest against that; it's a cowardly outrage. You wouldn't dare to do it to a white man."

"Oh, I see," I rejoined. "So you are the author of this precious paper here, are you? Come over here and talk it over, if you've the courage."

"I've got the courage," he answered, in a shaking voice.

"All right," I said; "you're safe for the present—and, George, who is so fond of sleep, will take quite a nap for a while, I think."

"You English brute!" he said.

"You English brute!" he had said; and the words had impelled me to invite him aft; for I cannot deny a certain admiration for him that had mysteriously grown up in me.

"Come here!" I said, "for your life is safe for the time being. I would like to discuss this paper with you."

He came and we read it together, fluttering as I had seen it flutter in his fingers as he read it for'ard to the engineer and to the deckhand. It began:

"Think how many we are! Think what we could do! It isn't either that we haven't intelligence—if only we were to use it. We don't lack leaders—we don't lack courage—we don't lack martyrs; all are ready—"

I stopped reading.

"Why don't you start then?" I asked.

"We're waiting for Jamaica," he answered; "she's almost ready."

"It sounds a pretty good idea to me," I remarked, "from your point of view. From your point of view, remember, I said; but you mustn't think that yours is mine—not for one moment—O dear no! On the contrary, my point of view is that of the governor of Nassau, of his representative, quite nearby, at Harbour Island, isn't it?"

My pock-marked friend grew a trifle green as I said this.

"We have sails still, remember," I resumed. "George and the lost gasoline are not everything. Five hours, with anything of a wind, would bring us to Harbour Island, and—with this paper in my hand it would be—what do you think yourself? The gallows?"

My friend grew grave at that, and seemed to be thinking hard—visible making resolutions the full force of which I didn't understand till later—but the immediate result of which was a graciousness of manner which did not entirely deceive me.

"Oh," he said, "I don't think you quite mean that. You're impulsive—as when you hit that poor boy down there—"

"Well," I observed, "I'm willing to treat you better than you deserve. So I'll say nothing about this, if you like" (pointing to the manuscript), "and if the wind holds, put you ashore tomorrow at Spanish Wells. I like you in spite of myself. Is it a bargain?"

On this we parted, and, as I thought, with a certain friendliness on both sides.

There was no sailing wind, so there was nothing to do but stay where we were all day. I spent most of the time in my cabin, reading a novel, and, soon after nine, I fell asleep in a frame of mind unaccountably trustful.

I suppose that I had been asleep about three hours when I was disturbed by a tremendous roar. It was Sailor (who always slept near me) out on the cockpit with a man under his jaws—his jaws at the man's throat. I called him off, and saw that it was my pock-marked friend, with his right hand extended in the cockpit and a revolver a few inches away from it. So far as I knew it was the only firearm on the ship. "Let's get hold of that first, Sailor," I said, and I slipped it into my hip pocket.

"Wake up, Tom," I called, and "wake up, captain!" Meanwhile, I took out the revolver from my hip pocket, and held it over the man I seemed to grow more and more sorry for.

"We've not only got a mutiny aboard," I told the captain, "but we've got treason to the British government. Do you want to stand for that? Or shall I put you ashore with the rest?"

Unruffled as usual, he had nothing to say beyond:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Take this cord, then," I ordered him and Tom, "and bind the hands and feet of this pock-marked gentleman here; also of George, engineer; and also of Theodore, the deckhand.

It Was Sailor—His Jaws at a Man's Throat.

Bind them well. And throw them into the dinghy, with a bottle of water apiece, and a loaf of bread. By noon we'll have some wind, and can make our way to Harbour island, and there I'll have a little talk with the commandant."

And as I ordered, all was done. Tom and I rowed the dinghy ashore, with our three captives bound like three silly fowls, and presently threw them ashore with precious little ceremony. Then we got back to the Maggie Darling, with imprecations in our ears and particularly the promises of the pock-marked rebel, who announced the certainty of our meeting again.

Of course we laughed at such threats; but I confess that, as I went down to my cabin and picked up the "manifesto," which had been forgotten in all the turmoil, I could not escape a certain thrill as I read the signature—for it was: "Henry P. Tobias, Jr."

That night we made Harbour Island and met that welcome that can only be met at the lonely ends of the earth.

The commandant and the clergyman took me under their wings on the spot and, though there was a good hotel, the commandant didn't consider it good enough for me.

I liked the attitude they took toward my adventure. Their comments on "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." and the paper I had with me, were specially enlightening.

"The black men themselves," they both agreed, "are all right, except, of course, here and there. It's fellows like this precious Tobias, real white trash—the negroes' hatred for them is not enough—that are the danger for the friendship of both races. And it's the vein of a sort of a literary ideal in it, a fellow like Tobias that makes him the more dangerous. He's not all to the bad—"

"I couldn't help thinking that too," I interrupted.

"Oh, no," they said, "but he's a bit mad, too. That's his trouble. He's got a personal, as well as an abstract, grudge against the British government."

"Treasure?" I laughed.

"How did you know?" they asked.

"Never mind; I somehow got the idea."

"Take a word of advice. Have a few guns with you, for you're liable to need them."

"I agree," I remarked. "I'll take the guns all right, but I'm afraid I'll need some more crew. I mean I'll want an engineer, and another deckhand."

And, just as I said this, there came up some one post-haste from the village; some one, too, that wanted the clergyman, as well as me, for my captain was ill, and at the point of death.

"What on earth can be the trouble?" I said, but, the three of us, including the commandant went.

We found the captain lying in his berth, writhing with cramps.

"What on earth have you been doing with yourself, Cap?" I asked.

"I did nothing, sir, but eat my dinner, and drink that claret you were kind enough to give me."

"The half-bottle of claret?"

"Yes, sir, the very same."

"Well, there was nothing to hurt you in that," I said. "Did you take it half and half with water, as I told you?"

"I did indeed, sir."

"It's very funny," I said. And then as he began to writhe and stiffen, I called out to Tom: "Get some rum, Tom, and make it boiling hot, quick—quick! We must get him into a sweat."

Very soon we did. Then I said to Tom:

"What do you make out of this smell that's coming from him, Tom?"

"Kerosene, sar," said Tom.

"I thought the very same," I said.

Tom beckoned me to go with him to the galley, and showed me several quart bottles of water standing on a shelf.

"Two of them were kerosene," he said "and I suppose Cap made a mistake;" for one looked as clear as the other.

"Then I took one of them back to the captain.

"Was it a bottle like this you mixed with the claret?" I asked.

"Sure it was, sir," he answered writhing hard with the cramps.

"But man!" I said. "Couldn't you tell the difference between that and water?"

"I thought it tasted funny, boss, but I wasn't used to claret."

And then we had to laugh again, and I thought old Tom would die.

"A nigger's stomach and his head," said the commandant, "are about the same. I really don't know which is the stronger."

The captain didn't die, though he came pretty near to it. In fact, he took so long getting on his feet, that we couldn't wait for him; so we had practically to look out for a new crew with the exception of Tom, and Sailor. The commandant proved a good friend to us in this, choosing three somewhat characterless men, with good "characters."

As we said goodby, with a spanking southwest breeze blowing, I could see that he was a little anxious about me.

"Take care of yourself," he said, "for you must remember none of us can take care of you. There's no settlement where you're going—no telegraph or wireless; you could be murdered, and none of us hear of it for a month, or forever. And the fellows you're after are a dangerous lot, take my word for it. Keep a good watch on your guns, and we'll be on the lookout for the first news of you, and anything we can do we'll be there, you bet."

CHAPTER VI.

In Which the Sucking Fish Has a Chance to Show Its Virtue.

The breeze was so strong that we didn't use our engine that day. Besides, I wanted to take a little time thinking over my plans. I spent most of the time studying the charts and pondering John P. Tobias' narrative, which threw very little light on the situation. There was little definite to go by but his mark of the compass engraven on a certain rock in a wilderness of rocks; and such rocks as they were at that.

I looked well to my guns. The commandant had made me accept the loan of a particularly expert revolver that was, I could see, as the apple of his eye. He must have cared for me a great deal to have lent it me, and it was right as the things we love.

Then I called Tom to me: "How about that sucking fish, Tom?" I asked.

"It's just cured, sar," he said. "I was going to offer it to you this lunch time. It's dried out fine; couldn't be better. I'll bring it to you this minute." And he went and was back again in a moment. "You must wear it right over your heart," he said, "and you'll see there's not a bullet can get near it. It's never been known for a bullet to go through a sucking fish. It's God's truth."

"But, Tom," I said, "how about you?"

"I've worn one here, sar, for twenty years, and you can see for yourself"—and he bared the brown chest beneath which beat the heart just like nothing else in the world has made me believe in God."

We awoke to a dawn that was a mere pushed in the sky by the mysterious hand that seems to love to give the fairest thing the loneliest setting.

But there was no wind, so that day we ran on gasoline. We had some fifty miles to go to where the barracouta pointed a smaller cay, the cay known in old days as "Dead Men's Shoes"—but since known by another name which, for various reasons, I do not deem it polite to divulge—near the end of the long cay down which we were running.

About twilight we dropped anchor in another quiet bay, so much like that of the night before, as all the bays and cays are along that coast, that you need to have sailed them from boyhood to know one from another.

The cove we were looking for, known by the cheery name of Dead Men's Shoes, proved farther off than we expected, so that we didn't come to it till toward the middle of the next afternoon, an afternoon of the most innocent gold that has ever thrown its soft radiance over an earth inhabited for the most part by ruffians and scoundrels. We soon found that we were not alone in the cove.

"She's changed her paint," said Tom, at my elbow. And, looking round, I saw that our rakish schooner with the black hull was now white as a dove; and, in that soft golden water, hardly a foot and a half deep, five shadowy young sharks floated, with outstretched fins like huge bats. Our engineer, who was already wading fearlessly in the water, beautifully naked, "shooed" them off like chickens. But it was soon to be evident that more dangerous foes waited for us on the shore.

Yet there was, seemingly, nothing there but a pile of sponges, and a few black men. The Susan B. had changed her color, it was true, but she was a well-known sponger, and I noticed no one that I recognized.

There was one foolish fellow that reminded me of my shackly deckhand, whom I had always thought out of his mind, standing there on his head on the rocks, and waving his legs to attract attention.

"Why! There's Silly Theodore," called out the captain.

"I'm going ashore," I said.

"I'm going with you too," said the captain. "But look after your guns. There's going to be something doing—quiet as it looks."

So we rowed ashore, and there was Theodore cavorting in front of a pile of sponges, but no other face that I knew. But there were seven or eight negroes whose looks I took no great liking to.

"Like some fancy sponges to send home?" said one of these, coming up to me. "Cost you five times as much in Nassau."

"Certainly I'd like a few sponges," I said.

And then Theodore came up to me, looking as though he had lost his mind

"Give Me Dat!" He Said.

over the rather fancy silk tie I happened to be wearing.

"Give me dat!" he said, touching it, like a crazy man.

"I can't afford to give you that, Theodore."

"I'd die for dat," he declared.

"Take this handkerchief instead;" but, meanwhile, my eyes were opening. "Take this instead, Theodore," I suggested.

"I'd die for dat," he repeated, touching the tie.

His voice and touch made me sick and afraid, just as people in a lunatic asylum make one afraid.

"Look out!" murmured Tom at my elbow.

And just then I noticed hiding in some bushes of seven-year apple trees, two faces I had good reason to know.

I had barely time to pull out the commandant's revolver from my pocket. I knew it was to be either the pockmarked genius or the engineer. But for the moment I was not to be sure which one I had hit. For, as my gun went off, something heavy came down on my head, and for the time I was shut off from whatever else was going on.

* * * * * *

Which did I hit, Tom?" were my first words as I came back to the glory of the world; but I didn't say them for a long time, and, from what Tom told me, it was a wonder I ever said them at all.

"There he is, sar," said Tom, pointing to a long, dark figure stretched out near by. "I'm afraid he's not the man you were looking for."

"Poor fellow!" I said; it was George, the engineer; "I'm sorry—but I saw the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the bush there. It was they or me."

"That so be, sar, and if it hadn't been for that sucking fish's skin you wouldn't be here now."

"It didn't save me from a pretty good one on the head, Tom, did it?"

"No, sar, but that was just it—if it hadn't been for that knock on the head, pulling you down just that minute, that that pock-marked fellow would have got you. As it was, he grazed your cheek and got one of his own men killed by mistake, the very fellow that hit you. There he is—over there."

"And who's that other, Tom?" I asked, pointing to another dark figure a few yards away.

"That's the captain, sar."

"The captain? Oh, I'm sorry for that. God knows I'm sorry for that."

"Yes, sar, he was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knowed was Captain Tomlinson; a brave man and a good navigator, and he'd taken a powerful fancy to you, for when you got that crack on the head he picked up your gun and began blazing away with words I should never have expected from a religious man. The others, except our special friend—"

"Let's call him Tobias from now on, Tom," I interposed.

"Well, him, sar, kept his nerve, but the others ran for the boats as if the devil was after them; but the captain's gun was quicker, and only four of them got to the Susan B. The other two fell on their faces, as if something had tripped them up, in a couple of feet of water. But just then Tobias hit the captain in the heart; ah! if only he had one of those skins—but he always laughed off such things as superstitious.

"There was only me and Tobias then, and the dog, for the engineer boy had gone on his knees to the Susan B. fellows at the first crack, and begged them to take him away with them. There was no one left but Tobias and the dog and me, and I was sure my end was not far off, for I was never much of a shot.

(Continued next week.)

July Clearance Sales

SEVEN DAY BARGAIN EVENT

JULY 12 TO 19

Sale Prices, Cash Only. All Goods Charged at Regular Prices.

This is your Opportunity for Low Prices.

Our Annual Bargain Time

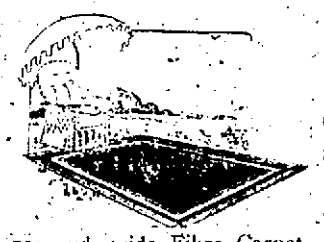
With prices advancing daily and desirable merchandise getting scarce it is unusual to find goods at cut prices. As has been our custom, we are making special prices on all lines of goods.

Anticipate your needs, and reap the benefits.

Floor Coverings

Congoleum

Three new pieces just received ..... 75c. sq. yd.
3 pieces Felt Base Linoleum, Extra special, ... 69c. sq. yd.
$1.50 Burlap Back Linoleum ..... $1.29 sq. yd.
$1.35 Burlap Back Linoleum ..... $1.15 sq. yd.
2 pieces Inlaid Linoleum (Extra Special) ... $1.40 sq. yd.
Congoleum Rugs all new patterns and a big selection all sizes on hand.



Hodges Fibre Rugs

6x9, $14.00 ..... $11.95
8 ft. 3 in. by 10 ft. 6 in. $22.50, now $17.50
9x12 ..... $19.50

75c., yd. wide Fibre Carpet, ... 49c. yd.
$1.80 Velvet Stair Carpet ..... $1.50 yd.
$1.25 Brussells Stair Carpet ..... $1.09 yd.
$1.30 Brussels Stair Carpet ..... $1.10 yd.

Bags and Trunks

25——LEATHER BAGS——25

Genuine Split Leather Bag, Leather bound frame, best bronze locks and catches, good satine lining... $5.00 each

SATURDAY ONLY

11.75 Hand Bag, ... 9.95
$5.25 Sole Leather Bag $4.95
$14.00 Brown Leather Bag $12.50
$18.00 18 inch, Sole Leather Bag, ... $15.00
$10.95 Suit Cases $9.75
$2.50 Suit Cases $1.95
$12.50 Trunk $10.95
$21.00 Trunk $18.50
$16.00 Trunk $13.95

Lace Curtains

Special prices on Single pairs.
Special prices on 2 pair lots.
Big Values in Mull Curtains at ..... $.75, $1.00 & $1.50

Hosiery

Men's Socks, Gray, Blue, Black, good weights, 25c. hose ..... 19c.
Men's 50c. Lisle Hose ..... 35c.
White and Black.
Men's 50c. Black Lisle ..... 39c.

Children's Hose

Black ribbed 5 to 8½ for ..... 19c.
Black ribbed 6 to 9½ ..... 29c.
White ribbed 6 to 9½ ..... 25c.
50c. Fay Stockings, 5 & 5½ for ..... 15c.
35c. Black Infants' sock, 5 to 6½ for 15c
35c. Tan Socks, Infants' 5 to 5½ ..... 15c.

WOMEN'S

$1.00 Gray, Tan and White Fancy Hose ..... 79c.
1 Lot Silk Hose, Palm Beach, Black and White .... 39c.
75c. White Fancy Silk for ..... 59c.

Silks

Figured Georgette, Crepe De Chine, Georgette, Messaline, Taffeta, Satin Patria, Silk and Cotton Crepe, everything 10 per cent off.

VESTEES AND COLLARS

$1.00 for ..... 69c.
$1.25 for ..... 79c.
$2.00 for $1.25
Sunbonnets, ... 45c.

Underwear

at cost today. A big line to select from.

DOVE BRAND

Underwear, all Silk and Crepe De Chine .. 10 per cent off
Muslin, Voile and Crepe Underwear ..... 10 per cent off

Shoes

1 Lot Women's Oxfords, you who can wear small shoes, here is your opportunity, 2½ to 4 only,
$5.00 Value ..... $1.98 pair
1 Lot Patent Pumps, 2½ to 4 only $3.50 & 5.00 value $1.98
All White Canvas Shoes, Oxfords and Pumps, 10 per cent off.
All Children's Summer shoes, oxfords, sandals, etc., 10 per cent off.
2 Pairs, size 8 & 8½, Men's Army Shoes, Special Values $5.50 a pair, worth $7.00
Children's Brown Leather Oxfords
8½ to 12 3.50 value for $2.70

12½ to 2 $3.50 value $3.15
Bare-foot Sandals, size 4—85c.; 8—90c.; 13½—$1.00
We have the best line of Boys' Shoes up to 5½ that money can buy anywhere at 10 per cent off.

Infants'

2 to 8 Gun Metal, Mary Jane ..... 90c.
2 to 8 White Poplin, Mary Jane ..... 70c.
6 to 8 White Duck Oxfords $1.35
8½ to 11 White Duck Oxfords $1.50
9 to 11 only, White Mary Janes $1.25
9 to 11 only, White Mary Janes $1.00
Goodyear Welt Growing Girls' Brown Calf & Black Kid Shoes, high tops for service.

Cotton Batton

15c, 18c., 25c. Roll price of two years ago. Big Bats ..... $1.50 & $1.75 10 per cent off

TOWELS

20c. Turkish ..... 24c.
30c. Turkish ..... 25c.
50c. Turkish ..... 45c.
75c. Turkish ..... 68c.
$1.00 Turkish ..... 85c.
$1.25 Bath Mats ..... 98c.
$2.75 Bath Mats $2.15
75c. Pure Linen Towels ..... 59c.
75c. Huck Towels ..... 68c.
69c. Huck Towels ..... 50c.
75c. Cotton Damask ..... 65c.
$1.50 Linen Damask $1.25

NOTIONS

12c. C. M. C. ..... 10c.
12c. R. M. C. ..... 10c.
18c. Coat's Mercer ..... 15c.
6c. Coat's Thread ..... 5c.
4c. D. Cotton, 3 for ..... 10c.
Paragon Wire Hair Pins, 3 for ..... 5c.
25c. Hair Pins and Mirror Case ..... 19c.

SOAP

1 Lot Toilet Soap, 5 cakes for ..... 25c.
7c. Glycerine Soap, 4 cakes for ..... 25c.
13c. Soap, 2 cakes for ..... 22½c.
Colgate's Soaps 3 cakes all around 22½c.
10c. Kirk Olive, 3 cakes for ..... 22½c.
10c. Cashmere Boquet, 3 for ..... 25c.
25c. Colgate Talcum, Special, ... 15c.
Kirk's Pencil Soap, 2 for ..... 22½c.
Colgate's Coleo Soap, 3 for ..... 25c.
Large Size Shammies, ... 10c.
50c. Toilet Water, ... 45c.
25c. Hair Pins ..... 19c.
Air Float Powder ..... 10c. box
25c. Tooth Paste ..... 22½c.
15c. Tooth Paste ..... 14c.

SKIRTS

SILK WOOL COTTON

20 per cent off, everyone. All new goods and styles, right up-to-date
$2.00 to $18.00 for ..... $1.60 to $14.40

DRESSES

Women's House Dresses, 36 to 50 size
$1.25 to $3.75 at 10 per cent off.
Children's dresses 3 to 16½ year. All new this season, 10 per cent less.
4 Serge Dresses all wool $4.95
1 Silk Dress, $19.50 for $12.50
1 Serge Dress, $15.00 for $9.75
1 Blue Wool Serge Sailor Dress $4.25

WRITING PAPER

35c. Dean Linen ..... 25c.
50c. Paper ..... 42c.
59c. Paper ..... 49c.
65c. Paper ..... 59c.
75c. Paper ..... 65c.
59c. Correspondence Cards ..... 49c.

MEN'S OVERALLS

Blue Stripe ..... $1.85 pair
Plain Blue ..... $1.80 pair
5 White Jackets for ..... 50c. each
$4.50 Men's two-piece suits $3.95

MEN'S SHIRTS AND PAJAMAS

$1.50 Shirts for $1.25
$1.75 Shirts for $1.50
$1.25 Work Shirts for $1.00
$1.25 Boys' Outing Shirts ..... 90c.
$1.50 Boys' Flannel Shirts $1.35
$1.00 Boys' Black Hyde Shirts ..... 59c.
$1.00 Valve, Boys' Waists ..... 75c.
Boys Pajamas ..... 90c.
Men's Pajamas, ... $1.25 & $2.00
$1.25 Men's Night Shirts $1.00
These prices are wholesale prices today, everyone.
75c. Men's Balbriggan Shirts ..... 50c.
1 Lot Boys' Dress Shirts ..... 25c.
Worth $1.00 today.
1 Lot Men's Stiff Bosom Shirts ..... 25c.
Men's and Women's Sweaters at less than cost of yarn today.

CHALLIES

Special for Comforters ..... 18c. yd.

Waists

Georgette Silk Waists 20 per cent less.
Voil and Lawn Waists 20 per cent less.

All Coats and Suits ½ Price.

Masser Brothers Co

DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-149

Cretons

65c. Creton ..... 50c.
50c. Repps ..... 42c.
$1.00 Creton ..... 85c.
$135 Creton $1.20
$1.50 Creton $1.35